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Written for The Better Way.

SIX CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF A SPIRIT.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

CHAPTER I.

HER LIFE ON EARTH.

SHE was only a little stray from the earth life; a castaway whom nobody loved or claimed. For eight years had her little feet trodden the mortal byways passing through the filth and dirt of alley and narrow court, and never once resting upon the velvet pile of a city mansion, or even pausing upon the emerald turf of a country field. The name was not a euphonious one to be sounded in the ears of royalty, or even sung to the music of loving and friendly tongues. Plain "Betsey Brown" she had been called by those who scolded and cuffed the little thing and who never dreamed of bringing a ray of sunshine into her lonely heart. Roses and lilies had not grown in her pathway, and honied words and tender smiles had been as foreign to her life as had the rare blooms of garden and of hothouse grown, that brought such dear delight to the pampered children of the great city in which she lived.

Poor little Betsey, born of poverty and ignorance and sin, neglected, deserted and uncared for by those who gave her birth; half starved, abused and disliked by the people who had taken her in when she had been cruelly left, a helpless tot, to fight her way in the world. These people, in Smudge Court, who allowed the waif to sleep on a heap of straw in their vile smelling kitchen, and to partake with them of the food which she herself had begged at the back doors of larger houses in the city, were a quarrelling, dissipated lot, ignorant as vice itself, and correspondingly rude and unclean. Of course, Betsey's life was a harrowed one, and whatever of beauty and gentleness might have flowered in her breast, in more pleasant circumstances, were repressed and stunted in growth by the dreadful conditions pressing upon her.

Such was the hapless condition of poor little Betsey Brown, the child with great staring hazel eyes, long, unkempt hair and a pale, sun-burnt countenance, that haunted the back ways and doorways of the finest dwellings in Hammettown, and who was often spoken crossly to by the servants, and chased by the dogs of that aristocratic quarter. The child, with her large basket, into which was thrown, in an indiscriminate mass, whatever bits of food the servants had to give, seldom received a kind word or a pleasant smile from any of the passers by; but when she did, the burst of sunshine that illuminated her sallow face brightened it up into positive beauty, while the warmth that flooded the little heart would have thanked and repaid the giver of the pleasant word and smile over and over again could he have realized its power.

Once, a sweet young lady with a pale face and the air of an invalid, called the child to her as she sat in her carriage

waiting for some friend to finish her shopping in an opposite store, and in kindly tones inquired her name, and made some pleasant remarks, which set the little heart to beating violently; and when she turned to go the gentle lady stretched out her hand toward Betsey and dropped a silver dollar into her basket, together with a large round orange as yellow as gold, and to the child of as much value.

"Now little one, run home," said the lady, smiling like an angel upon Betsey, "and some day I will try to find you. When I get strong again I am going to try and help some of the poor little waifs in this city, and I won't forget Betsey Brown. I have been very ill, but soon I shall be better, and then you shall hear from me."

The lady's friend tripped out from the store and entered the carriage, the horses were started, and Betsey was left alone upon the side-walk, staring, with luminous eyes, after the departing vehicle.

The silver dollar was, of course, speedily confiscated by "Marm Stebbins," and Betsey never saw anything good from its expenditure; but the remembrance that she had once possessed "a whole dollar" was one of great pleasure to the child. The orange she kept until it dried and lost its pretty color, and then she divided it with a little ragged lame boy that lived in the court, and the two had a feast together while Betsey told her companion of the beautiful "Miss Angel" who had given her the money and fruit. "Miss Angel" the little girl always called the kind lady in her thoughts, and she haunted the street corners and side-walks for many a day, hoping once more to catch a glimpse of the kindly face that beamed upon her. But "Miss Angel" was not to be seen; and although she had been told of Smudge Court, the lady never came to that unsightly quarter in search of Betsey Brown. But the child was loyal in her heart to the friend who had won her regard. She would not believe that her "Miss Angel" had forgotten her, and she believed that somewhere and sometime she should yet meet and know the lovely lady who had given her more than money and fruit, a tender word and gentle smile. So she watched and waited, loitering on the corners and thus risking a scolding, and sometimes worse, for her long absence when she reached the poor place called home, but with never a distrustful thought of the lady whom she longed to see.

Once, in one of these patient waitings, about a fortnight after the meeting with "Miss Angel," a funeral procession went sweeping by. The hearse was drawn by four handsome coal-black horses; its sides were of plate-glass, through which could be seen the pearl-colored draped casket, covered with richest flowers. The carriages that followed were many, and of handsome exterior; but their windows were draped with silken curtains, and Betsey could not see their occupants. As the hearse slowly passed, with its train of carriages, the little watcher on the street felt a strange sensation sweeping over her. It was a balmy day in May, and a vague thrill, half of terror half of pain, seized her little breast.

"I do feel awful," she thought. "Wot if that should be my 'Miss Angel' in that there hearse; its hansom 'nough for her. Oh! my, an' I shud' never see her again. Oh! I could never stand it," and the tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

The funeral procession swept on, and "Miss Angel" came not to the lonely child. So the weeks went by, and although the summer came and waned, the forlorn little thing never again met the lady who filled her thoughts.

Once, while upon her begging rounds, Betsey "fell into good luck," to use her own phrase. It had been a hard day. Doors were slammed in her face, servants were cross, and every body seemed neglectful. It was November, and the child was cold and hungry and sad. Even the garbage barrels, that sometimes offered a very pickable bone or lump of bread, had not much this day that could add to the scanty crumbs in her basket, and Betsey felt sure of a beating on her return to Smudge Court, because of the little she could bring.

But help was near. A brisk, burly, breezy sort of a man, with a very red face, and a crop of curly hair, and wrapped in a fur overcoat, came hurrying down the street, nearly overturning the small figure that came round the corner just as he hastened along.

"Hello!" he cried; "what's this; did I almost knock you down, child, and frighten the breath out of you like that? That won't do; my dinner is not so consequential. Why, how blue and cold you look; hungry too, hey?"

The man was busy now caring for the child, who looked up at him astonished at his brusque but kindly tones. He had taken a bright silk handkerchief from his pocket, and was tying it around her throat.

"Here, child, throw away that stuff in your basket and come with me," he said; and, before she could utter a remonstrance, he had taken the basket and emptied its contents into the street. "There, let the city man clean that up! We must find something better for this and for you; come along, midget!" and still holding the great basket, the man plunged along, with the child trotting at his side.

They entered a bakery close by, where the stranger ordered the basket filled with bread and cakes and sent to 9 Smudge Court. "This child can't carry it," he said briefly. "Now give her a hot cup of coffee and all the good stuff she can eat, and I will be back directly."

"All right, Mr. Adams, I'll see to her," replied the lady of the shop, who evidently knew the man she was dealing with. She led the little girl to a seat at a small table in the rear of the store, and soon brought a substantial meal to which the hungry child did ample justice. There was another woman in the back parlor busily tidying up the room, and to her the mistress of the place remarked as she seated the child: "It's another of Mr. Adams' waifs; he's always doing something good like this for the unfortunate. People do say he's fast, and that he lives too high, but I tell you what, he's got a great, big heart that can feel for the poor."

In the meanwhile Mr. Adams had vanished from the store, but before Betsey had finished her meal he had returned with a bundle, from which he took a bright scarlet hood, a pair of small mittens, a child's gay colored shawl and some stockings and shoes.

"There," he said, displaying these treasures to the delight of eyes of the child, "I think these will keep you more comfortable. Fit her out, will you, Mrs. Slapson? I must be going. Run home, child, as soon as you can, and tell your folks there's a load of fuel coming and a basket of provisions, besides the bread and cakes which are't very filling. There! there! don't cry; I like to help poor little girls," and throwing some money on the counter, in payment of his indebtedness to Mrs. Slapson, the gentleman hurried away.

Betsey never grew tired of thinking over this "lucky day," and "Mister Adams," as she called her benefactor, shared the warm place in her heart which "Miss Angel" alone had filled. She never saw the hearty, good-natured man again, but she did not forget his face nor his voice, and she knew that she should recognize him among a thousand men.

The winter grew on apace, and, as may be supposed, it brought more of hardship than of comfort to our little friend. The warm clothing provided her by kind Mr. Adams had, however, served a good turn, and more than once had the child held her hood and mittens to her breast, as though they had life and could understand her appreciation.

But in March the little thing grew ill. She had taken a violent cold, and her head and limbs were racked with pain. Proper attention was not given her, and when at last the dispensary doctor was called, he pronounced her case a hopeless one of acute fever. She was removed to the hospital by his command, and although the child was half delirious and filled with pain when placed upon the yielding cot she realized something of the change, and settled down upon the bed with a sigh of satisfaction that it felt so good. Betsey had never rested upon a real bed before, and it was no wonder that the simple cot seemed so refreshing and comfortable to her. The touch of the nurse's hands also brought the child relief, and when they clipped the tangled hair and bathed the burning face, she sank off into a restful sleep such as she had really never known.

But the disease could not be mastered; her case was a fatal one from the first, and in five days the little sufferer ceased to toss and moan. The tired head grew still; the eyelids ceased to flutter; the troubled breathing subsided, and with the passage of that little spirit from its casket of clay, the first chapter of Betsey Brown's career forever closed.

(To be continued.)

Written for The Better Way.

A World Within a World.

The orthodox belief as well as all the other old beliefs and theories, are so vague and undefined in regard to the condition and location of the world beyond that it is past comprehension that when a revelation comes to the world giving positive proof not only of the existence of that other world, but its locality and many of the conditions attending it, and that too from actual denizens of that world, many of whom were former friends and relatives of those communicated with, and bringing as proof a rehearsal of many of the incidents that formerly occurred in earth life. But there is nothing so blind and stubborn as religious prejudice, and there are none so determinedly obstinate to the truth as those who have claimed that they, and they only, had the truth, never thinking there might be a truth above and beyond them, and that the sun shines while they may be enveloped in a cloud.

Orthodox Christianity believes in the immortality of the soul, but leaves the soul in a condition almost totally unexplained, except as to the two conditions of happiness and misery, and any revelation tending to explain or elucidate the locality or conditions connected with the future life, is either frowned down or pronounced to be sheer blasphemy, but the truth exists outside of it nevertheless, and while orthodoxy is claiming that it has the whole truth, there is another world unknown to it densely inhabited all around us, that is as apparent to the clairvoyant eye as the world we inhabit, and we are told by the higher intelligences that the spirit world of this planet is formed of belts or circles around it like the rings around the planet Saturn, and that the first or lower sphere is right here on the terrestrial surface of the earth, and that all the misguided and undeveloped spirits are earth-bound, and remain for a longer or shorter period on the earth's surface with their condition very little better than the one they occupied while they inhabited a physical form. There they remain until they see the enormity of their crimes or neglected opportunities, and by being taught that by repentance and good works they can grow out of that condition, and enter upon a higher and better life, they finally progress out of it.

It is a greatly mistaken idea that our friends cannot and do not return to earth and sympathize and often communicate with their friends. What more natural than that a mother, who had passed the gates of death, should desire to return to earth, and care for the happiness of her child, as in any other case of genuine love and regard.

Of the condition of the outer belts or spheres, the limits of this article will not permit entering upon a description of them and their celestial inhabitants, but suffice it to say that as they recede farther and farther from the earth's surface, the conditions are more and more refined and etherealized, and the modes of life are more and more of that purified and glorified nature that would be difficult to describe to the children of earth, but of this we may be sure, it does not consist in standing around a "great white throne" being saved while others were sent to hell, but rather standing ready to act as vicegerents of God in the amelioration and elevation of the condition of men who through ignorance or misdirection have brought sorrow and suffering upon the human race where only joy should abound. For be it understood, all progress, all development is of and through natural law, though often administered by or through the agency of unseen powers.

The laws governing human life and progress, both here and in the beyond, are perfectly natural, and all the sympathies and desires in the line of goodness and advancement that were uppermost here, are given full play there, all the useful experiences of earth are utilized and brought to perfection there, for the entire spirit world from the lowest to the highest is a world of uses, and not one opportunity is permitted to escape where a good can be accomplished or a higher thought take the place of a lower in all the realm of thought, and thus all sentient beings become sooner or later co-workers with the great center of love and light in the elevation of spirit in its course through matter up to the great eternal first cause, and to whom be great glory now and for evermore. B.

Organization.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Mr. Warren Chase, I think, has generally been deemed hostile to any general organization of Spiritualists; but I am glad to perceive from his article on "Organization" in your issue of the 7th inst., that this is not now the case. He very properly asks:

"Why not organize to defend what we know, as this knowledge is a basis, and for the pursuit of more knowledge, and let each person believe what he or she can or must on subjects where knowledge does not extend?"

That question is quite important and practical at present. It involves a principle on the recognition and adoption of which depends the satisfactory progress of our cause, which has most certainly hitherto been greatly retarded and injured by the violation of that principle; for by means of this violation there has been effected almost the destruction of harmony and co-operation among the workers in the spiritual movement. If I agree with my brother as to certain things, of the truth of which we both think we have sufficient evidence, why should I quarrel with him because I have not enough evidence to accept what he thinks to be established by his experience, research or reason? And why should I assail or ridicule his belief or his assertion of knowledge because I have arrived at a different conclusion? Certainly true liberalism requires the contrary course, and policy enjoins it.

Now Spiritualists might, as Mr. Chase suggests, all come together and construct a common basis of accepted truth, if they were not so fond of disputation in regard to propositions not accepted or as yet acceptable, many; if not most of which have no direct relation to the basic truths of Spiritualism. Mr. Chase says we have gained "two items of knowledge": (1) that our deceased friends are not dead, and (2) that they can communicate with us in their present state. He says also, we know that these two truths are not "in conflict with the popular sciences, nature, reason, justice, divine goodness, and universal law," as, indeed, no truth could be. Ought we not, then, to recognize as Spiritualists all who accept these two truths, whatever else their opinions may be, and as co-operators with us in the great work of convincing mankind in general of the reality of spirit existence (the future life) and of spirit manifestation and communication?

But Spiritualists also universally accept other facts that are the immediate corollaries of these two basic propositions: the great law of spiritual progression, of self-judgment in the spirit, and through it of retribution for all wrong-doing—just and inevitable—as well as other truths pertaining to spirit-life, and having an important practical relation to our present state of being, particularly in showing the need of spiritual culture in both worlds, since in both we are spirits and subject to spiritual law.

Are these not—must they not be—accepted by all Spiritualists? And differing essentially from the church creeds, do they not form a sufficient basis for a general organization of Spiritualism, through which they may be defended and propagated? Is it not obvious that without such a general organization the movement, in its constant conflicts with the conservators of obsolete systems, will be like a tumultuous mob engaging a disciplined army?

The modern spiritual movement has made wonderful progress during the past forty years, and this progress was possible because of the general contempt and indifference in which it was held by those interested in opposing it. There are signs, becoming more and more conspicuous every day, that indicate a very different feeling on the part of these opponents. It has become a feeling of apprehension and alarm as well as of hatred and determined opposition; and already there are rumors of secret combinations for the purpose of crushing out this "pestilent heresy," this revival of "superstition and paganism," this "moral abortion," and "demoniac system of carnality and lust"—for these are the choice designations applied to it—by every means available, even in defiance of the ordinary legal restrictions, as we have re-

cently seen in the Diss Debar case, which, in its initial stages at least, was prosecuted in defiance of the ordinary forms of proceeding.

The spiritual movement has a mighty task before it to achieve a general acceptance of its two basic truths, above referred to; before the end of the present century. Nearly half a century has been spent already in their advocacy and demonstration, and the battle is still before us yet to be fought, on the one side for the great truths just coming potentially into the general thought of the civilized world, and on the other in defense and sustentation of the old ecclesiastical system in which self-interest, treasured belief, determined prejudice, and social customs are involved. The march of modern Spiritualism thus far has been a silent, secret and invisible revolution; but the time must come when this revolution will be externalized, and will overthrow the institutions that now have the support of popular belief, a change in which must inevitably subvert them. The world's history is full of such revolutions thus brought about. In their early stages they are slow in their progress, or seem so to us, but they acquire an overwhelming speed and force as they advance to the crisis. Christianity took more than three centuries to accomplish its work in the destruction of paganism; and in like manner must institutional Christianity give way before the march of the truths which Spiritualism is fast bringing into the world; but to accomplish this there must be organization and moral force, and, besides these, spiritual elevation.

The spiritual movement must show itself to be really spiritual and, of course, ethically pure. While Spiritualism, as a science or a branch of knowledge, is very much strengthened by many of the really genuine mediums now before the public, its status as a pure, ethical and spiritual system is by no means confirmed in the same proportion, but often greatly weakened. The mediums are presumed to be in their own personality and in that of their controls, friends to, and workers for, the spiritual cause, but many, in both respects, pursue a course that would justify us in considering them the worst enemies of the movement, since what they do and what they say sometimes, bring it into derision and contempt. It needs organized effort to bring the exercise of mediumship under proper regulations and secure the just fruits of it, as well as to protect it from the dangers which unavoidably attend an ignorant, reckless and selfish employment of it. Pursued as a trade, as it has been for years, it has been a downright evil in many respects, notwithstanding all the information which we have derived from it, and an important part of that information has been that a medium whose life and character are on a low, immoral, unspiritual plane may be much more a bane than a benefit, and that the stronger the mediumship the more dangerous and pernicious it may be if not exercised in behalf of truth, purity, and for the good of mankind.

Spiritualism has suffered very much from the treachery of very strong, and, as some may say, good mediums, who, for their own selfish purposes, have turned against the cause, as "exposers of Spiritualism," and used their endowments to misrepresent and destroy it. I need not adduce illustrations of this fact.

An organization based on the right principles, would be the means of protecting our sacred cause against such vipers, while at present it is, in a great measure, at their mercy. Mediumship is a precious gift and should be properly appreciated; but in all ages it has, in its perversions, been a curse to humanity, giving birth to moral monsters that, in their hideousness, have shocked the world, seeming to reflect or personate the denizens of the darkest spheres. The subject is prolific, but I here only refer to it, as having an important relation to such reform in connection with our cause as can be effected through organization alone. HENRY KIDDLE.

NEW YORK, July 9, 1888.

Under the decision in the John Anderson will case, Mrs. Mary M. Watson, of Hartford, will receive nearly one million and a half dollars and become in consequence the richest woman in Vermont. She is the only child of Mrs. Carr, one of John Anderson's five children, who married against the latter's wishes and with whom he had very little to do afterward. He bequeathed to her in the will the income of \$20,000 for life, saying that that would give her \$1,000 a year, which would be an ample support for her, living in a New England town. Mrs. Watson made no opposition to the probating of the will, but alleges that she was induced to assent to it by a fraud practiced upon her by William Girod, her grandfather's private secretary. The ground upon which the will was broken was that Mr. Anderson, who in life was noted as one of the largest tobaccoists in the country, was of unbounded mind frequently, imagining that he was conversed with spirits, that he was going to be poisoned, and that he and Garibaldi were going to turn Europe into a republic. Mrs. Watson is only twenty-four and is the wife of a law student now in the office of Ex-Governor Pingree, of Vermont.

CONCERNING WOMEN.

No padlock, bolts, or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve.—Cervantes.

Be neither too early in fashion, nor too long out of it, nor too precise in it.—Quarles.

It is the destiny of many women to be submerged in floods of sorrow, but few are drowned in them.—Mme. de Defand.

It is in the power of the wife who lives with her husband to hurt or please him fifty times a day.—Francis Power Cobbe.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of Boston, has an income of \$50,000, which she receives quarterly, and it is said she is often penniless before the end of the quarter. She spends her entire time and fortune in charity, and that without identifying herself with the objects of her generosity.

Woman in office and in the halls of legislation is the bugbear of some of the opponents of woman suffrage. It is their love for the dear creatures and their fear lest women should lose their attractiveness in the eyes of the opposite sex that stands in the way. What is much more likely to happen has been demonstrated in the case of Mrs. Kate Boyle, postmaster of the Nebraska House last session, who was recently married to Hon. J. C. Yutzy, member of the legislature during the same period.

Mrs. Charlotte Robinson, of Manchester, England, is a successful house decorator. She took a regular course of training, studied house-decoration from hearth-tiles to frieze-paintings, visited all the places where she could find antique furniture and the newest inventions, and qualified herself thoroughly for her business. She had good success in London, where she furnished houses from garret to basement. This year, in addition to her ordinary business, Miss Robinson has had two exhibits which have attracted much attention, one at Saltair, and the other at the famous Manchester Exhibition. Next year she proposes to exhibit at Glasgow, and possibly at Brussels.

Education of Women.

The training and discipline that are the most suitable for the one sex are also the most suitable for the other; and the education and culture that fill the mind of the man will prove equally wholesome for the woman. Indeed all the arguments, which have yet been advanced in favor of the higher education of men, plead equally strongly in favor of the higher education of women. In all the departments of home, intelligence will add to woman's usefulness and efficiency. It will give her thought and forethought, enable her to anticipate and provide for the contingencies of life, suggest improved methods of management, and give her strength in every way. In disciplined mental power she will find a stronger and safer protection against deception and imposture than in mere innocence and unsuspecting ignorance; in moral and religious culture she will secure sources of influences more powerful and enduring than in physical attractions; and in due self-reliance and self-dependence she will discover the true sources of domestic comfort and happiness.

Women to the Madhouse.

The "whited sepulchre" exists in New York, where, amid cathedrals, churches and palaces of fashion, wives and mothers are dying of starvation, or steadily losing their reason under the inhuman lash of usury and avarice. Women are screwed down to the chair of poverty and can ride it to the grave direct, or accept prostitution and thus delay the trip a year or so.

The price now paid for finishing off a coat is four cents. A mother and daughter living in a room ten feet long, seven feet wide, seven feet high, with one window, have averaged two dozen coats a day, by working fourteen hours each, thus getting 96 cents a day for the work of two women, out of which forty cents a day, or \$2.40 a week went for rent. For the finer goods, such as sold on Broadway, eighteen to thirty cents are paid for finishing, but a person cannot average two coats a day.

A woman for making cheap trousers for men receives nine cents a pair, the usual price. It takes ten to thirteen hours to make two pairs. The work which women received from seven to eight dollars a week twelve years ago, now does not bring them three dollars a week. This country is manufacturing monopolists and millionaires, and breeding insanity, crime and pauperism faster than any other country in the world, considering the natural advantages of this country. Legislation is doing its fatal work.—Pomeroy's Advance Thought.

Mormon Women.

They are surely a downtrodden race, especially those who are placed on desolate ranches, far from human help or sympathy, and entirely under the control of their masters; for they are masters, these husbands, who have taken plural wives for reasons graphically, if not elegantly, set forth by an old German who owned three of these willing servants.

"Ven I marrit my first wife," said he, "I took up dis ranch, and ve lived in a log house, and my wife, she works vell und breeds vell, und ve got petter off ebery day, but the farm vas gros, so I takes anodder vife, und she works vell und she breeds vell too, und I buys more cows, und I ploughs more land, und pooty soon I takes my third wife, und

she vas shut so goot as the odder two, und now I vas vort more money ebery day, und me and my viles und my children, ve do all the work."

The first wife never consents willingly to the second wife's entrance into her husband's house and home, as the following true stories will serve to show:

A first wife had brought her sister over from England. The sister was young and pretty, the wife worn with trouble and hard work, and it was not long before the husband signified his desire to take the young girl as his second. The poor wife loved her husband and her grief was terrible; she followed him about like his shadow, pleading vainly with him and with her ungrateful sister, and at last one day, in the general store of the little town they lived in, she fell at his feet, and, weeping bitterly, poured forth a storm of entreaties.

"She had been a good wife to him," she said, "in the past; she would be his slave in the future, if he would only spare her this cruel blow. She could even bear it better if it were some other woman, but to have her own sister supplant her, that was more than she could bear."

And the brute only laughed and said: "Oh, you're only jealous." The marriage took place after the poor wife, who knew that resistance was useless, had been bullied into giving her consent.

In the same town lived a young saint whose wife was a high-tempered, passionate woman that adored her husband. Living with them as a servant was a stupid, dumpy Danish girl, not more than fifteen years old.

One day Mrs. B. found this girl sitting on her husband's knee; the man fled, but before the girl could follow, the angry woman flew at her, furious with rage and jealousy, and tore her hair, scratched her face, and at last flung her out of the house, bleeding and terrified, while she, the poor victim, went to bed ill with wounded love and fierce passions. Her brave husband never married the girl, who was innocent enough, for did not her religion teach her that plural marriage was right? and the wife recovered from her illness to take up her dreary burdens again, no longer lightened by the comfort of her husband's love.

Some of these women are shrewd enough to hold their own, in spite of the unjust laws of the church which make them entirely subservient to their husband's will.

One old Danish lady had spent all of her youth in helping to make a fine farm out of a scrubby, sagebrush covered plain, and when the old man began to sigh for the presence of a younger and fairer wife, she bid her grief and made no objection, but she urged that she was old, it was but fair for him to give the ranch to her and her children. The old man hesitated, but she represented that they could all live happily together in the old home; that she would be a mother to the young wife, etc., until at last he consented to deed her the farm.

When he came home with his bride the old lady welcomed them heartily and was very pleasant for a week or more, until at last she called him aside and inquired, "What he was going to do with his new wife?"

"Why," said he, "you said we could all live here together. What do you mean?"

"No," said his wife, "we can't all live here together. The farm is mine and you must find a new home for your new wife."

And when the angry husband refused to leave she had him forcibly ejected, and she still remains in possession of the farm.

Are not these poor women worthy of the pity of their happier sisters? Surely their disgrace, like Guinevere's is all women's, and the many strong female societies could help them much if they would.—Carrier Dove.

Dr. Swartz Explains.

His Position in Regard to Colleges and Spiritualists Clearly Stated.

To The Argus:

Will the Daily Argus please permit me to set myself right wherein I feel compromised in a point or two in the interview which appeared in the Sunday Argus of yesterday? The representative of the Argus was very gentlemanly and kind, and I am fully satisfied that he meant to give a correct statement of my replies to his questions. This was evident in the interview, and in the main he reported my exposition of Mental Science doctrines very correctly as also, my offer toward the one dozen invalids. He will remember that he was sought by two gentlemen and that several questions were asked by them on business matters during the first of the interview. During this he must have misunderstood me relating to Spiritualists and to diplomas. I would not wish to appear to be establishing Mental healing colleges in the east and that such are "legally authorized to grant diplomas for the healing of the sick," for this would be a violation of the laws of nearly every eastern State. My remark was intended to say that the university I represent directly, grants a legal diploma for healing, by virtue of its charter, and that these Mental colleges can associate with our Chicago school and thereby obtain from it a legal diploma.

The remark I regret most is the one that seems to make me so personal and uncharitable. It assumes to say that Mental scientists "have no sympathy with Spiritualists," etc. These words were not mine, nor the sentiment. I have been among them so long, and believe that they will average as cultured, as charitable and as true, moral as any other society of religionists, not excepting the class of scientists with whom I am directly identified. The spirit of my remark was that Mental science is to be regarded as Spiritualism, and that the magnetic, the faith and the prayer systems of cure are none of them our system. This is true; still we cannot afford to seem in conflict with any honest workers in reform, and we believe that all of these are such.

A. J. SWARTZ.

World's Arbitration League.

Proceedings of the May annual meeting of the World's Arbitration League: After the minutes of the April meeting were read and adopted, Hon. Leland Stanford, of California, was re-elected president of the League for the ensuing year; and Hon. James F. Wilson, of Iowa, was elected first vice-president; Col. Lee Crandall, of Washington, D.C., was re-elected second vice-president, and Col. D. S. Curtis, of Michigan, was re-elected as third vice-president. All vice-presidents of the various States who have been earnest workers, were duly re-elected for another term. Dr. Robt. McMurdy, of Dayton, Ohio, was cordially re-elected for corresponding secretary, and was highly praised as the chief instrument in bringing about the long desired American conference. Col. L. J. Du Pree, whose valuable services while representing the United States in Central America, in creating an Arbitration Alliance there, was duly re-elected assistant corresponding secretary. Dr. J. P. Newman was re-elected treasurer for another year, and Mrs. Newman was made recording secretary. Mrs. E. T. Charles was re-elected as assistant recording secretary, and S. M. Baldwin was chosen for general secretary.

The preliminary movement for peace among the nations to invite a conference of representatives from all the religious bodies of the world to meet at Washington in 1889, being favorably considered at the April meeting was also further discussed at the May meeting, but owing to its far reaching importance, final action was deferred until June, to which time on motion the League adjourned.

EMILY T. CHARLES, Rec. Sec'y.

A Conference of all Religions.

We have received a large number of communications from members of the World's Arbitration League and others in the United States, all of which cordially approve of the design of that body in inviting representatives from all the great religions of the world to talk over their differences face to face in 1889, thereby avoiding the useless burden of a standing army, and thus preparing the way for the contemplated disarmament which the friends of peace are determined to accomplish by agitation in every nation, and especially by the means of a great convocation of philanthropists, who it is expected will assemble at Washington in 1892 on the great occasion of the anniversary of the discovery of America.

We should be glad to publish these many valuable letters, if space would permit. They all, however, refer in glowing terms to the great good such a Conference would accomplish. All the vice-presidents of the League from the different States, especially Hon. Joseph Ramsey, of Tennessee, an earnest worker, are unanimous in the opinion that in the course of human events the time has come to arouse public opinion in destroying the stupid custom of killing innocent people to settle differences with which they had nothing to do, and substitute in its place a system based on the enlightened judgment of mankind, and so prepare the way for co-operation, arbitration, education, and the prohibition of everything that will hinder the true elevation of the human race.

Transition.

Death is not death, but the soul transformed to a higher, holier life.

This transforming power, this catalepsy, is known to some who speak again. Earth so benign in all things else does not often give to its denizens this outlook of heaven, but to the chosen few she reads new lessons of glory, new thoughts of life, new themes of praise.

The beings who inhabit the higher spheres are bereft of all such attributes as hate, impurity, sensuality, avarice and futility of purpose. So blest are they in sublimity, they over reach immensity in space. See all the great and learned men of centuries congregate to make known to fellow men their everlasting resting place.

Why, mortal eyes cannot take in such advancement of vision, nor mortal intellect grasp the key-note of the All Wise. So fleeting are earth's visions it would take a lightning pen to convey the happy thoughts of holy spheres, but in the everlasting arms of Genius she shall yet make known to generations to come her greatness.

This phantom we call death is but the awakening of the soul to all glorious thoughts and visions of beauty. All the earth-ties are ten-fold stronger, all the affections purified to the lily-cup's whiteness, all the holier feelings of soul uplifted to God's throne in sublimity and grandeur.

Oh, if it were given to all mortal eyes to see the great Beyond how amazed would poor humanity be! How her eyes would put on a higher, more heavenly look, how her heart would pulsate with the very heart of God himself, as in nature taught. How the beautiful things around would glow with tints and fragrance yet unknown. Oh! soul, look up! The skies are just the same, but with eyes lit from God's own source of living light, all things seem changed and transformed into newness of life. This very earth, so rejuvenated, so resplendent in beauty, we scarcely recognize it as our everlasting home.

She offers in glorious array, new thoughts of the better life, new joys to mankind, for every kindly thought, an intensification of highest reward, for every tear of pity, the smile of heaven's own dew drop; for every warning cry, the voice of God's own approval, for every tender care, that love which saith, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto me."

All of kindness multiplies, but sad thought! for all that blackens and disfigures this brightness, the dark thought, the ugly deed, the tempting voice, all again multiply in deepest night, until the soul purified of all its pollutions, sin is washed away and darkness is alight with day.

To Our Brother.

NELLIE DOUGLAS.

Our chain is broken, a link has dropped—
Been taken to join another;
It was only mortal; though made of clay,
It was that our dear brother,
Aye, it was shrined within our hearts,
So sadly do we yield,
The broken tendrils bleed and smart
And naught but time can heal.

Our hearts are crushed and desolate
From the pain his going left;
O, Frank, thou wert a part of us
And now we are bereft.
But we will strive to raise our thoughts
To where thy soul has flown,
And constantly will watch for thee
For thou art still our own.

Thy form alone has been entombed,
Thy spirit is of us,
And we will wait thy coming, Frank,
With confidence and trust;
Thou art our loving brother still,
Passed to the realms of rest,
For thy dear sake we will not mourn
But strive to think 'thine best.

FOUR DONES, IOWA.

Written for The Better Way.

True Harmony, or the Balancing Power of Love.

This is a subject that has confounded the wisdom of the wise and good of mankind of all ages of the earth; and one that requires not only the clear light of intuition, but a genuine inspiration to properly solve it.

The spheres of angelic light from which we also receive our inspiration, tell us that the parasites and negative principles in nature's universal domain or laboratory are related to the love element or principle, just as the father and mother are related to the child; being the dual forces that form the life principle in the child. And when they are harmoniously balanced, will properly unfold it. The divine or creative capacity implanted in the positive and negative principles which are the parental or life forces, that pervade not only the material but the spiritual universe of mind as well as matter.

The balancing power of love is therefore a subject that ought to engross your attention, dear reader, more than any other, for on its proper adjustment depends the health, harmony and happiness of the human race.

The question naturally and persistently arises in the thinking mind as to how it can be accomplished. And when this question is properly answered not only theoretically but practically, the harmonies of the celestial, as well as spiritual, realms will be possible to man on earth, and not before.

The sun sends off its light and heat to vivify everything that comes within the sphere of its influence; but if you interpose barriers, its energizing influences can be but very imperfectly felt at best. For much of its power is lost by repeated radiation and absorption before it can overcome the barriers laid in the path of its unselfish and universal tendency to bless all individual entities, whether mineral, vegetable or man, that comes within its reach, directly or otherwise.

Thus it is with the radiation and absorption of the love element or principle. Those who interpose barriers to its free, full expression, lose much of its energizing and inspiring qualities, for obstructions mar its harmonious evolutions and hinder its reciprocal actions.

Love, in its divinest sense, is not only designed to perpetuate the human race, by its harmonious interblending with wisdom, but it is also designed to give birth to beautiful thoughts, holy emotions, and harmonious actions.

But in order to get the sweetest and most inspiring strains out of an instrument of music, its keys must be touched with not only a skillful, but delicate hand, and there is no more delicately attuned instrument than the human mind. And if you would awaken in its intricate mazes the finest and purest thoughts, the tenderest and most holy emotions, and the most harmonious or concordant evolutions, you must never rudely grasp the delicate chords that constantly vibrate between the mind and the heart; for if you do, you will bring out only discordant intonations that will not only injure the instrument itself, but mar the harmony of the atmosphere that surrounds it.

With this knowledge, gained by the experience of centuries, allows us to give expression to a few thoughts that present themselves to our inner consciousness:

The loves of the angels are holy and pure, because they interpose no barriers to their free, spontaneous expressions and evolutions. And from this let man learn a valuable lesson. Valuable not only to himself, but to all who come within the sphere of his influence. For love, like light, radiates from the central focalization of its harmonious interblending and action, as well as radiation, and only in an atmosphere of freedom can it ever find full, pure and true expression.

Then, O man! burst asunder the chains that bind you to inharmonious conditions that the harmonies of the spheres may be yours to enjoy.

Then, O woman! claim your birthright that the world may be blessed by your divinest inspiration, your holiest emotions and most harmonious evolutions; that the fruit of their action may not only be sweet to the taste, but that its delicate aroma may pervade the atmosphere around it, and attract to its purest odors all who come within the sphere of its influences.

Thus and only thus can the world ever hope for health, happiness and peace.

Then, O man! and O woman! "look within," for the proper solution of the question, viz.: "The balancing power of love."

Through JULIA C. FRANKLIN.
BIG CREEK, STEUBEN CO., N. Y.

Written for The Better Way.

A Dream.

Why the Seybert Commission Failed to get Results.

Wearied with my morning rounds, I threw myself on the lounge in my office, and commenced reading an article in the R. P. Journal of Feb. 4, 1888, entitled "Somewhat Critical," from which I will quote: "I see frequent mention made in your columns of the Seybert Commission, generally in a sarcastic and denunciatory style. It may be true that its report is not altogether a fair one, still it is useless to assert that the verdict of a number of highly respectable men of probably average intelligence and honesty in a matter which they have deliberately investigated, can be treated as of no importance, especially when on the other side of the question we have but a confused, heterogeneous, and badly authenticated series of statements. It must be apparent to any one, that if it is impossible among the hundreds of so-called mediums in the United States to produce evidence of the existence of communications from departed spirits sufficiently strong to convince any half dozen fair-minded and intelligent men, Spiritualism stands upon a very shaky foundation."

"Certainly experiences of the kind named by Dr. Wolfe will not be entertained by any reasonable man; they serve but to make the very name of Spiritualism ridiculous."

I let the paper drop down over my face and fell to wondering why it is that just when most needed, the whole spirit world seem to desert their poor, frightened media.

The paper shut out all outside thoughts and sights, and my imagination was fully occupied with this question. While pondering thus, I pictured to myself a scene in the spirit world—a magnificent palace, with all its surroundings transcendently grand and beautiful. The walls were of the purest jasper, and the stately columns were of cornelian. The dome was studded with diamonds and rubies, that flooded the vast halls with a softly tinted, sparkling light. This magnificent edifice I imagined to be the council chamber of spirits. It was studded everywhere with gems of rare beauty and seated with thrones of gold and ivory, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, glistening with jewels and cushioned with a cloth of satin and gold. At one end of this hall was a raised platform upon which stood a magnificent throne, which seemed one mass of glittering stars, so brilliant were the precious gems of which it was formed. On this throne sat a venerable personage whose massive brow and searching, far-seeing eyes showed him to be a spirit of vast intelligence and wonderful power. His robes were of glistening whiteness and enveloped his superb form with matchless grace. At the foot of this throne was an orchestra of bright beings whose instruments were of gold set with precious stones.

The hall was fast filling with spirits of surpassing beauty and grace, who approached the thrones and seated themselves thereon. They were of human form but far finer mould. Their every movement was majesty; every lineament of their celestial faces bespoke benevolence of purpose and exaltation of character. At this moment an exceedingly musical voice at my side said, "This is the eighth sphere, the home of the bright ones who once lived on earth and have come up through great tribulation, and have been purified, and have had granted to them thrones and crowns, principalities and powers; and have been counted worthy to become ministering angels. These are they who control the media of earth and by them are called their 'guides.' The venerable one on the throne at the end of the hall is an ancient spirit who lived on earth over eighteen hundred years ago. He was then a great healer, teacher and medium, and was considered wondrous wise and good, and is still accorded the chief seat among the glorious ones who have come up to this high sphere from earth. These bright beings which you see have each been on a mission to worlds which you of earth call stars, to make arrangements for connecting them all with this sphere by spirit magnetism. It is a grand scheme. The bright one with the two golden rings on his crown has just come from Saturn. The one with the crimson star has been to Mars. The one with the yellow star—" but just at this moment the celestial band began to play such enchanting strains of music that the voice ceased speaking, or was drowned in the divine harmony.

During the performance of this orchestra, bright spirits thronged the hall until every seat was occupied. As soon as all had found their places and were still, the Ancient One on the throne waved his hand and the music ceased. The business for which the council met was about to begin when a shining messenger was seen approaching in great haste from a distant world, and with one accord they awaited his arrival. Approaching the ancient spirit, to whom he bowed reverently, he said: "I come on hasty wing with a message from the media of earth. A rich man has just passed out who willed sixty thousand dollars to defray the expenses of a commission for the purpose of investigating the truth or falsity of Spiritualism. This commission has been appointed. Here is a list of their names," and he handed the Ancient One a scroll. "These men," continued the messenger, "are counted among the learned and

wise of earth. They have summoned the media with their guides to come before their august (?) tribunal, and challenge them to prove their philosophy true, or they will proclaim it false before the world."

"We will see who these presumptuous mortals be," the ancient spirit said, and reaching beneath his throne he drew forth a ponderous volume and spread it open on his knees, and as he read the names upon the scroll, he searched for them within the open volume. And as he read their meager record of good deeds done, for love of God or fellow men, he found them far outweighed by selfish acts; strivings for gold, for place and fame. He found their sordid souls puffed up with pride, arrogance and self-conceit; that they loved the praise of men more than the favor of God. A look of fine scorn overspread the features of the Ancient One. As he closed and replaced the book he said to the messenger:

"And think these puny ones of earth, in their pride to command the angel world, that they summon us before their petty tribunal or bid us come at their behest? It is love that moves the spheres, not pride. These haughty ones of earth are not my witnesses, nor could they bear the sacred vessels of my truth to hungry souls. Truth passed through such unholy hands would, through fear of man's opprobrium, become perverted and to falsehood turn. Free spirits bow not at the behest of mortal man unless he come in love; therefore, go tell my media of earth that their guides go not with them to meet these men. They shall not be the messengers to bear my truth." And then he turned and wrote upon the jasper wall with a pen of flame, "Cast not your pearls before swine," and the messenger withdrew to carry the message back to earth.

S. T. S.

Trumpet Seance.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I am one of a party of five who attended a trumpet seance at a Mr. Becker's residence, on Main street, Evansville, Ind., the medium being the well-known trumpet and independent slate-writer, Mrs. S. Seery, from Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dr. Sharp, her guiding spirit, as usual commenced the seance by first controlling the trumpet, bidding us the time, expressing his great delight and happiness in meeting us, all of whom he had previously met, I believe. Said he: "Your relatives and friends are present, and wish to communicate," after which we had a glorious time—one after another of loved ones from the immortal shore came and conversed with each one attending the seance. Nearly all who came identified themselves beyond a reasonable doubt, except one who seemed too weak to speak, it being her first or second attempt. She could scarcely speak above a whisper, consequently it was not entirely satisfactory to the one to whom the spirit was speaking, he being an investigator and not having had much experience in such phenomena.

The medium did not stay in our vicinity long, but the last days of her visit brought immense crowds; more came than could be accommodated, several being turned away.

We are always glad to have Mrs. Seery visit us, it does us so much good, and it never fails to aid the cause. We have no thoroughly developed test medium here. Without first having tests and convincing skeptics beyond a doubt that there is a continued life, it seems almost useless to preach the philosophy to most of them.

Hoping the medium in question will visit Evansville again soon, I am, Fraternally, JOSEPH W. RUMINER.
CABORS, IND.

A Correction.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

In quoting an article which recently appeared in the "Pittsburgh Leader," I notice that credit was not given to that paper by THE BETTER WAY. Now, as Spiritualists in this city, as elsewhere have complained—too often with cause—of the illiberality of the secular papers, in either not publishing accounts of our meetings, or giving the public a farcical report of them. I will perhaps be pardoned for suggesting (gently) that when the leading newspapers of a city like Pittsburgh do give friendly and fair reports of our Sunday meetings, which they mistakenly denominate "seances," the Spiritualist press give them due credit.

Knowing the generous spirit that stands at the helm of THE BETTER WAY, I am convinced that the omission alluded to was an unintentional one, and that it will be promptly followed by an *amende honorable* either in an editorial paragraph or the publication of this letter.

Respectfully yours,
HELEN STUART RICHINGS,
PITTSBURGH, July 3.

A Good School Teacher.

I commend the school teacher who cares for atmospheres, impressions, and tone quite as much as for text books, tasks, and for accuracy in recitation. I ask you to help him when he tries to make his school room a place of neatness and brightness, with plants, flowers, pictures, statuettes, window and wall hangings, and whatever besides gives ideas of taste, of purity, of restfulness, and which will fill his soul with images and memories to go with him to the end of life, a source of inspiration and a safeguard against evil.

"We have been in school rooms that were thus ornamented and beautified from month to month, from year to year. Flowers and vines graced the windows, engravings and portraits adorned the walls, statuary beautified old niches, objects of interest and curiosity relieved the corners, a congenial and happy teacher presided, and bright children filled the room with sunshine from happy faces."—[J. H. Vincent, LL. D.]



The Little Boot.

By MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Dumpy, stubby and old,
The funniest little boot,
With mended toes and flattened heel,
Ever worn by a little foot.
Within the children's room
The widowed mother's eyes
Still smiling down with misty eyes
On a little boot in her hands.

Carefully laid away,
With a mother's yearning care,
Are toys with which the children played,
The clothes they used to wear,
With loving, longing heart
Her gaze is backward cast,
As she softly lifts the little boot
From the stillness of the past.

She sees a little boy
Thrust out his chubby foot,
And hears his happy laugh and shout
At sight of his first boot.
And, trudging down the road,
Stubbing grass, and leaves, and roots,
She sees again the solid form
Of the little man in boots.

A conqueror that day,
He made the soft air ring;
Amid the school lads at school
The boy in boots was king.
Oh, the stillness of the room
Where the children used to play!
Oh, the stillness of the empty house,
Since the children went away!

And this mother-life—
"To hear, and love, and lose,"
Till all the sweetest and truest is told
In a pair of little shoes,
In a single broken toy,
A flower pressed to keep
All fragrant still the faded life
Of one who fell asleep.

The boy who wore the boot!
While his mother's eyes are dim,
And the world's unequal strife,
How farthest it with him!
Are the feet of manhood strong
For manhood's sacred race,
His hand outstretched, securely calm,
To clasp its utmost grace!

With love her heart overflows,
With love her eyes are dim,
She softly wraps the little boot
And sends it far to him.
Beside his twilight fire
The eyes of manhood scan
The ancient boot—the far-off boy
Talks through it to the man.

The hard world's vexing road,
The boy's foot never pressed,
The boy who wore the boot!
The eyes of manhood scan
The ancient boot—the far-off boy
Talks through it to the man.

The man who wears the boot!
The eyes of manhood scan
The ancient boot—the far-off boy
Talks through it to the man.

The man who wears the boot!
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The ancient boot—the far-off boy
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The man who wears the boot!
The eyes of manhood scan
The ancient boot—the far-off boy
Talks through it to the man.

Soon she commenced to sit, and still he could not leave her. What was our surprise to find that Peter was also sitting!

"Yes, there he was, close beside his mother, on three eggs he had managed to scratch from beneath her. There he remained, never leaving his appointed task until some funny little creatures broke the shell and nestled close against the soft, warm feathers above them. Even then this dutiful son did not consider his work complete; for he helped take care of his small brothers and sisters, and not until they were grown did he leave them."—(Woman's Journal).

The Dog Postal Carrier.

While learning my trade in Germantown, Pa., back in the 1840's, a family residing there had a bright Newfoundland dog who performed the services of his master, in going to the Post Office for the mail and delivering it, which he did punctually and faithfully, and proud he seemed of it. No boy could do it as well; no loitering by the way-side, as a boy is sure to do. Regular as clockwork, he knew the time without a clock or orders, and trotted off up the street four squares. In winter he would scratch at the door until the postmaster let him in. Watching him assort the mail, he awaited patiently until the letters and papers were delivered to him. Feeling a responsibility, no friendly notice of other dogs would be recognized until he performed his charge. When his associates received the same attention as usual. As I was then a boy at the office of the "Germantown Telegraph," my duty was in the same line, and I would often find him waiting for me to open the gate in the morning. We became quite familiar in our mutual duties as letter carriers.

The gentleman being a political character, and Burgess of the village, the mail was quite extensive sometimes. However large the mail pouch, his mouth was quite wide enough to take it in. His jaws were locked quite as well or more securely than the regular mail bag, as none dare unlock it but himself, and that was done promptly in his master's office. Often we see in the animal exemplified punctuality, duty, willingness, pleasure and order, which might well be followed by children or men. I have often found in insects, birds and animals, examples of service to me in after years. Children would find it a pleasant study, they would regret to leave, once they became interested. A STUDENT OF NATURE.

The Wonder-Ball.

Dora lay on a bed of pain. The active, frolicsome girl had suddenly been doomed to the shaded light, the tedious quiet, and the physical suffering of the sick-room. A fall on the ice while skating had done the mischief. It was very hard, harder because of her full health and high spirits; for she missed the fresh air, the company of her mates, and the world's bright things generally.

"Poor gay bird," the doctor said, "she has a broken wing, indeed. She will flutter and struggle for her freedom for a while; but by and by she will be patient, and make the best of it."

By degrees, the extreme pain grew less; and that was a relief. To have the curtain lifted a little and a chink of light let in was another step in advance. Then her brother was allowed to see her, then friend or two for a few minutes at a time. This was encouraging, but very slow.

"Is the skating good yet? and do you have lots of fun?" she asked wistfully of the two little friends who had come in to sit a half-hour with her after school.

"Oh, lots of fun! How do you bear it, lying here all day?" said Alice. "It must seem fearfully long and dreary."

"It does, sometimes," sighed Dora. Then, brightening, "but mamma has promised me I may invite some of the girls to tea if I keep on gaining. I have always had the promise of a party when I was twelve years old, and that will be in two weeks."

"Can you get up and stand on your feet then?" cried Alice, joyfully.

"Oh, no! but I can see the rest play, and know about the supper; and I am to have as many girls as I am years old."

Caryl saw something peeping out from under Dora's pillow.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I've been learning to knit," said Dora, "and there's nothing amuses me so. It's almost better than stories."

They examined the pink and blue strip she spread out before them on the white bed-cover, and asked what it was for.

"Nothing," she said; "only just to be busy."

something to beguile her many, long, lonesome, restless moments.

When Caryl and Alice had said "good-night," and gone out upon the street, Caryl burst out with great excitement: "Oh, I have such a splendid idea! I could hardly keep it to myself till we got away!"

"What is it?" What about?" asked Alice in some amazement.

"A present for Dora—a birthday present. My Aunt Gretchen has told me of a gift the Germans make, which they call a wonder ball. Let's make one for Dora!"

"How can we? I don't know how."

"I'll tell you. You know the German women are great knitters. They get a quantity of bright wool for any purpose they have in mind—say an afghan. Each friend buys a gift—a small one is best—and they get together and begin to wind the yarn. A gift is at the center of the ball. Around this enough of the yarn to hide it entirely, when another gift is added, and so on until all the presents are included and the yarn wound."

"How very curious! How are they gotten out?"

"They are knitted out. The one who receives the wonder-ball is asked not to unwind any faster than the actual knitting requires."

"Oh, I see! There is always a present to come as long as the ball lasts."

"Yes. You can see how interesting it makes it. There's no telling how many things are wound up in it; and, as soon as you've reached one, you're crazy to get at the rest."

"We'll make one, we'll make one!" cried Alice. "Won't poor Dora be delighted?"

An afternoon was set for the winding; and after school a flock of the twelve girls who had received Dora's invitations to her birthday tea-party met at Caryl's house, who, as the most experienced one, had been asked to buy the wool.

Each had a little box with her card tied upon the top with a ribbon. Caryl had chosen wools of the brightest, most attractive colors; and, by the time they were all wound and the gifts enclosed, it made a ball almost as big as a bushel basket.

"How shall we carry it, and where will she keep it?" cried one.

"Mamma has a large scrap-basket she says we may have," said Caryl. "I'll put pretty ribbons on the handles, and make it look festive. Bob will take it over for us on his sled."

Dora was gaining fast of late; and, though she could not leave her bed, she found great pleasure and diversion in the birthday preparations. When the hour for the party arrived, her little friends came in a body, bearing the wonder-ball between them. Dora laughed more like her old self than she had before in weeks. She was dazzled and delighted with the thought of having a series of unknown presents ahead.

"I suppose I'll get about one a week if I work hard," she said.

"More than that, if you like to knit as well as I do," said Caryl.

"I surely shall like to now. I can hardly wait to begin."

There was a pair of white ivory needles stuck in the ball; and, while the other children played games, Caryl took a seat by Dora's bed, set up the knitting, and showed her how to begin. It was a very pretty stitch, and she forgot about her helplessness while she practiced it. The party was pronounced delightful; but, when the guests were gone, they left behind them a wonderful source of pleasure.

"The very name sounds as if it came from fairyland," said Dora.

The bit of knitting Caryl had set up Dora kept for a pattern, and the next day she began upon the afghan in earnest.

"I lay awake in the night and thought what I could do with it when it's done," she said to her mother. "You know poor little Biddy Ryan. She is worse sick than I am, and of course can never walk, since she is paralyzed. If the girls think it right, I shall give it to her."

The first present that unwound, after many busy stitches, was a beautiful gold thimble. It had Caryl's name on the card.

"She means I shan't be lazy," cried Dora, holding it up delighted.

According as its little owner was industrious or idle did the wonder-ball unroll its treasures. Each had a surprise of its own. In one was a loving note. With another was a bit of original verse, with another a painted card. It lasted weeks and weeks, for Dora's mother would not allow her to confine herself too closely to the knitting. By the time the last gift was unwound she had so gained in strength she could sit by the window and watch for her friends' visits. They came and helped her join the strips and make the fringe, and the day Caryl's brother came to carry it for her to little Biddy Ryan for her birthday present, Dora took her first step since her fall.

"I wish everybody could have as good a time being sick as I have had," she said. "The doctor thinks the wonder-ball cured me, for it made me so contented. And how proud Biddy Ryan will be of her bright coverlet! I wish the wonder-ball might cure her, too."

[Selected.]

State Pencils.

In the north-western part of the town of Castleton, Rutland County, Vt., is the only manufactory in the United States of state pencils. The stone, as it first comes from the quarry, is sawed into blocks from four to seven inches wide, according to the length desired for the pencils. These are split quite easily with a chisel into slabs a little thicker than the polished pencils, say five-sixteenths of an inch. These are passed through a planing machine and over an emery belt to make them flat, smooth and of a uniform thickness of about three-sixteenths of an inch. Next day they are pushed into the jaws of a "crocodile," which consists of a pair of steel plates, in the under one of which are six rows of curved knives, each set so as to cut a little deeper than the one that went before it. These plow out parallel grooves half way through the slab, which a man then turns and lays on a steel plate, having ridges which just fit these grooves. This slides back under the six rows of teeth of a second "crocodile" lying in wait alongside, which cuts the grooves on the other side, and leaves the pencils side by side. Lastly, they are broken and rolled off for an instant to point them on an emery belt. A man can give this last touch to about eight thousand in a day. The average daily output is about thirty thousand, and the mill gives employment to some twenty five hands. The old plan was to saw out square pencils from the slab one by one. These were boxed and distributed among poor families, who whittled them round by hand at from a quarter to half a dollar per thousand.—Exchange.

There is a wonderful brown and gold en bird in Mexico, a species of the bee martin, that is a remarkably expert bee catcher. He has a way of ruffling up his feathers on top of his head, so that his crest looks exactly like a beautiful flower. When a bee comes along to sip honey from this delusive blossom it is snapped up and devoured.

How to Form Spirit Circles.

Inquirers into Spiritualism should begin by forming spirit-circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing mental powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household.

1. Let the room be of comfortable temperature, but cool rather than warm—let the arrangement be made that nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of four, five or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands upon the top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is usually of no importance. Any table will do, just large enough to conveniently accommodate the sitters. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no harm, but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table, it sometimes, but not always, breaks the manifestations.

3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed lead pencils and some sheets of clean writing paper on the table, to write down any communications that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for as a rule a strong minority tends to prevent manifestations except with well developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them has a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous character. A prayerful, earnest feeling among the members of the circle gives the higher spirits more power to come to the circle, and makes it more difficult for the lower spirits to come near.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is a cold, cool wind like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first manifestations will probably be table tiltings or raps.

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let only one person speak at a time, and let him speak in an intelligent, calm, and clear voice. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," two means "No," and two means "Doubtful," and ask if the arrangement is understood. If three signals are given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed and, when this time, an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened. Next ask, "Who is the medium?" When spirits come, asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put, to test the accuracy of the statements, as spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of an impulsive, affectionate and genial nature, and very sensitive to magnetic influences. The majority of media are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium and all the members of the circle are harmoniously blended together, and are thoroughly comfortable and happy; the manifestations are born of the spirit, and shrink somewhat from the lower mental influences of earth. Family circles with no strangers present are usually the best.

Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.

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WHOLE WORLD

SOUL COMMUNION

JUNE 27, 1888.

ALL MANKIND

WITHOUT REGARD TO RACE OR
CREEDS.

ARE CALLED TO UNITE FOR

30 MINUTES IN SOUL
COMMUNION.

TIME: 12 M. SALEM, OREGON.

THE WORLD'S SOUL COMMUNION
TIME-TABLE.

The 27th day of each month, and from 12 m. to half-past 12 p. m., being the time fixed and inspirationally communicated through The World's Advance-Thought for Soul Communion of humankind throughout the world, regardless of race and religious faith—the object being to invoke through co-operation in thought and only in spiritual aspiration the blessings of universal peace and higher spiritual light—we give below a table of corresponding times for entering the Communion in various localities:

When it is 12 m. at Salem, Oregon, it is at—

Austin, Texas	1:43 p. m.
Boston, Mass.	3:23 p. m.
Birmingham, Ala.	3:18 p. m.
Buenos Ayres, S. Am.	4:18 p. m.
Buenos Ayres, S. Am.	2:55 p. m.
Columbus, S. C.	2:48 p. m.
Cape Horn, S. Am.	3:43 p. m.
Cape of Good Hope, Africa	8:28 p. m.
Chicago, Ill.	2:30 p. m.
Detroit, Mich.	2:38 p. m.
Frankfurt, Germany	8:43 p. m.
Frankfort, Ky.	2:38 p. m.
Frederickton, New Brunswick	3:43 p. m.
Halifax, N. S.	3:13 p. m.
Harrisburg, Pa.	3:03 p. m.
Havana, Cuba	2:08 p. m.
London, Eng.	6:11 p. m.
Lecompton, Kan.	1:18 p. m.
Little Rock, Ark.	2:03 p. m.
Mobile, Ala.	2:18 p. m.
Memphis, Tenn.	2:18 p. m.
Nashville, Tenn.	2:21 p. m.
New York City	3:15 p. m.
Norfolk, Va.	3:05 p. m.
Omaha, Neb.	1:48 p. m.
Philadelphia, Pa.	3:11 p. m.
Pittsburg, Penn.	2:51 p. m.
Rome, Italy	9:01 p. m.
Santo Domingo, D. R.	1:07 p. m.
Santa Fe, N. M.	3:33 p. m.
St. Domingo, W. I.	3:33 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.	1:58 p. m.
Santiago, Chile	3:28 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.	2:18 p. m.
St. Petersburg, Russia	12:01 p. m.
Vienna, Austria	9:21 p. m.
Vera Cruz, Mexico	9:48 p. m.
Walla Walla, Wash. T.	1:18 p. m.
Augusta, Maine	3:33 p. m.
Baltimore, Md.	3:08 p. m.
Berne, Switzerland	8:41 p. m.
Berlin, Prussia	9:09 p. m.
Constantinople	1:11 p. m.
Cincinnati, Ohio	2:26 p. m.
Columbus, Ohio	2:38 p. m.
Caracas, Venezuela	3:46 p. m.
Charlottown, Prince Edward's Island	3:58 p. m.
Dublin, Ireland	7:46 p. m.
Edinburgh, Scotland	8:01 p. m.
Dover, Delaware	3:09 p. m.
St. Kearney, Neb.	1:33 p. m.
Georgetown, Guyana	3:28 p. m.
Havana, Cuba	2:51 p. m.
Honolulu, S. I.	9:51 p. m.
Jerusalem, Palestine	10:31 p. m.
Lisbon, Portugal	7:49 p. m.
Lima, Peru	3:04 p. m.
Milwaukee	2:18 p. m.
Indianapolis, Ind.	2:28 p. m.
Montreal, Canada	3:18 p. m.
New Haven, Conn.	3:18 p. m.
Newport, R. I.	3:28 p. m.
New Orleans, La.	2:11 p. m.
Ottawa, Canada	3:08 p. m.
Panama, New Granada	2:53 p. m.
St. Petersburg, Russia	10:11 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.	2:11 p. m.
St. Johns, New Foundland	8:38 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.	1:58 p. m.
Smithtown, Jamaica	3:38 p. m.
Vicksburg, Miss.	3:21 p. m.
Wilmington, N. C.	2:53 p. m.
Salt Lake C. Y. Utah	12:43 p. m.
Tallahassee	2:33 p. m.
Washington, D. C.	3:01 p. m.

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MEETINGS.

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BOSTON SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, Berkeley Hall. Lectures by able speakers Sundays at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Richard Holmes, President; O. F. Rockwood, Secretary; Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, Corresponding Secretary; W. A. Dunlap, Treasurer.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, No. 1. Sessions every Sunday at 11 A. M. in (large) Fiske Memorial Hall, Appleton street, near Tremont. All seats free. Every one invited. Benj. F. Weaver, Conductor; Francis A. Woodbury, Corresponding Secretary, 45 Indiana street, Boston. Sewing circle at 1031 Washington street Wednesdays at 3 P. M. Supper and social meeting in the evening.

FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, corner Newbury and Essex streets—Spiritual Fraternity Society will hold public service Sundays at 2 P. M. Seats free.

SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA ASSOCIATION, LADIES' AID PARLORS, 1031 Washington street—Sunday meetings at 2 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. Society meetings Thursdays at 7:30 P. M. Jackson Hill, President; Dr. U. K. Mayo, Treasurer; Francis A. Woodbury, Corresponding Secretary; W. G. Vaughn, Secretary.

COLLEGE HALL, 24 Essex street—Sundays at 10:30 A. M. 2 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. Ellen Cobb, Conductor.

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1031 WASHINGTON STREET—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday. Mrs. H. O. Torrey, Secretary.

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All Spiritualists are cordially invited to become connected with the ALLIANCE—either as resident or non-resident members—and to take an active part in its work.

The ALLIANCE defines a Spiritualist to be: "One who knows that intelligent communication can be had between the living and the so-called dead," and all such are invited to become members.

NELSON CROSS, President.
J. F. JEANRETT, Secretary, Malden Lane, N. Y.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Second Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia meet every Sunday at 3 P. M. in their church, Thompson street. Seats free. Public invited.

T. J. AMBROSIA, President.

Newark, N. J.

The People's Spiritual Fraternity holds meetings every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Liberal League Hall, No. 177 Halsey street. Mrs. G. Dora, President.

Cincinnati



The Little Boot.

By MARY CLEWES AMES.
Dumpy, stubby and old,
With mended toe and flattened heel,
Ever worn by a little foot.
Within the children's room,
The window mother stands,
Still smiling down with misty eyes
On a little boot in her hands.

Carefully laid away,
With a mother's yearning care,
And toys with which the children played,
The clothes they used to wear,
With loving, longing heart,
Her gaze is backward cast,
As she softly lifts the little boot
From the stillness of the past.

She sees a little boy
Turn out his chubby foot,
And hears his happy laugh and shout
At sight of his first boot.
And, trudging down the road,
Stomping grass, and leaves, and roots,
She sees again the solid form
Of the little man in boots.

A conqueror that day,
He made the soft air ring;
Amid the shodden lads at school
The boy in boots was king.
Oh, the stillness of the room
Where the children used to play!
Oh, the stillness of the empty house,
Since the children went away!

And this mother-lie,
"To bear, and love, and hope,"
Till all the sweet, sad tale is told
In a pair of little shoes,
In a single broken toy,
A flower pressed to keep
All fragrant still the faded life
Of one who fell asleep.

The boy who wore the boot!
While his mother's eyes are dim,
Amid the world's unequal strife,
How far from the mother's eye,
Are the feet of manhood strong
For manhood's sacred race,
His hand outstretched, securely calm,
To clasp the stoutest grasp,
With love her heart's overflow,
With love her eyes are dim,
She softly wraps the little boot
And sends it far to him.

Reside his twilight fire
The eyes of manhood scan
The ancient boot—the far-off boy
Talks through it to the man.
The hard world's vexing road
The boy's foot never pressed,
The boy knew not of manhood's pain,
Nor felt its need of rest.

The man sees all things changed—
The earth, the heaven above;
One thing alone remains the same
To him—his mother's love.
The battered little boot
He takes as from her hand,
And seems all sweetest, purest things,
Better to understand.

Dumpy, stubby and old,
The funniest little boot,
With mended toe and flattened heel,
Ever worn by a little foot.
Yet the boot is a band to bind
The man to his innocent past;
To hold his faithful heart of hearts
To life's first love—and its last!

A Persian Legend.
It is related of a Persian mother, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, that she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said: "Go, my son. I consign thee to God; and we shall not meet here again till the judgment day."

The youth went away, and the party he traveled with were assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had; and he answered, with a candor that surprised his questioner:

"Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."

The robber laughed, thinking the boy jesting. Another asked him the same question and received the same answer.

At last, the chief called him, and asked him what he had. The boy replied:

"I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

The chief ordered his clothes to be ripped open, and the money was found.

"And how came you to tell this?"

"Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I solemnly promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the chief, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother, while I am insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it."

He did so, and his followers were struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," they said to the chief; "be the same in the paths of virtue." And, taking the boy's hand, they took the oath of repentance on it.—(Children's Friend.)

Peter the Gobbler.
"Just look at that old turkey, auntie!" cried little Jean.

"Yes, auntie, do come," begged Rob; "he has puffed himself up till he looks like a big balloon about to fly away."

So auntie came across the room and stood in the open door, where her little city guests were gazing with delighted eyes at a brood of young turkeys.

"Why, that is old Peter," she said, pointing to the gobbler who was making himself so ridiculous. "I could tell you quite a long story about him."

"Please tell it," they cried.

"He is quite an old fellow now; but I remember the time when he was a tiny ball of down, pecking in a stupid way at the crumbs of bread I showered down into the coop where his mother was trying to teach him and ten brothers and sisters to take a first breakfast. The little brood did not thrive. The damp spring weather did not agree with them, and one by one they fell away until none were left but Peter. We fed him carefully; and, when the warm days came, he grew big and strong."

"In August, we discovered that his mother had a nest down in the orchard in the soft grass. Peter still followed her, showing her the greatest affection."

Soon she commenced to sit, and still he could not leave her. What was our surprise to find that Peter was also sitting!

"Yes, there he was, close beside his mother, on three eggs he had managed to scratch from beneath her. There he remained, never leaving himself appointed task until some funny little creatures broke the shell and nestled close against the soft, warm feathers above them. Even then this dutiful son did not consider his work complete; for he helped take care of his small brothers and sisters, and not until they were grown did he leave them."—(Woman's Journal.)

The Dog Postal Carrier.

While learning my trade in Germantown, Pa., back in the 1840's, a family residing there had a bright Newfoundland dog who performed the services of his master, in going to the Post Office for the mail and delivering it, which he did punctually and faithfully, and proud he seemed of it. No boy could do it as well; no loitering by the wayside, as a boy is sure to do. Regular as clockwork, he knew the time without a clock or orders, and trotted off up the street four squares. In winter he would scratch at the door until the postmaster let him in. Watching him as he sort the mail, he awaited patiently until the letters and papers were delivered to him. Feeling a responsibility, no friendly notice of other dogs would be recognized until he performed his charge. When his associates received the same attention as usual. As I was then a boy at the office of the "Germantown Telegraph," my duty was in the same line, and I would often find him waiting for me to open the gate in the morning. We became quite familiar in our mutual duties as letter carriers.

The gentleman being a political character, and Burgess of the village, the mail was quite extensive sometimes. However large the mail pouch, his mouth was quite wide enough to take it in. His jaws were locked quite as well or more securely than the regular mail bag, as none dare unlock it but himself, and that was done promptly in his master's office. Often we see in the animal exemplified punctuality, duty, willingness, pleasure and order, which might well be followed by children or men. I have often found in insects, birds and animals, examples of service to me in after years. Children would find it a pleasant study, they would regret to leave, once they became interested. A STUDENT OF NATURE.

The Wonder-Ball.

Dora lay on a bed of pain. The active, frolicsome girl had suddenly been doomed to the shaded light, the tedious quiet, and the physical suffering of the sick-room. A fall on the ice while skating had done the mischief. It was very hard, harder because of her full health and high spirits; for she missed the fresh air, the company of her mates, and the world's bright things generally.

"Poor gay bird," the doctor said, "she has a broken wing, indeed. She will flutter and struggle for her freedom for a while; but by and by she will be patient, and make the best of it."

By degrees, the extreme pain grew less; and that was a relief. To have the curtain lifted a little and a chink of light let in was another step in advance. Then her brother was allowed to see her, then friend or two for a few minutes at a time. This was encouraging, but very slow.

"Is the skating good yet? and do you have lots of fun?" she asked wistfully of the two little friends who had come in to sit a half-hour with her after school.

"Oh, lots of fun! How do you bear it, lying here all day?" said Alice. "It must seem fearfully long and dreary."

"It does, sometimes," sighed Dora. Then, brightening, "but mamma has promised me I may invite some of the girls to tea if I keep on gaining. I have always had the promise of a party when I was twelve years old, and that will be in two weeks."

"Can you get up and stand on your feet then?" cried Alice, joyfully.

"Oh, no! but I can see the rest play, and know about the supper; and I am to have as many girls as I am years old."

Caryl saw something peeping out from under Dora's pillow.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I've been learning to knit," said Dora. "And there's nothing amuses me so. It's almost better than stories."

They examined the pink and blue strip she spread out before them on the white bed-cover, and asked what it was for.

"Nothing," she said; "only just to be busy."

"Why don't you knit an afghan?" asked Caryl, who was an industrious, housewifely girl. "I know a lovely stitch."

"I shouldn't know what colors to choose or anything," said Dora, "and it would take so long."

"I can show you. I'll bring mine for you to see. I am making it for Aunt Gretchen, who is an invalid."

something to beguile her many, long, lonesome, restless moments.

When Caryl and Alice had said "good-night," and gone out upon the street, Caryl burst out with great excitement: "Oh, I have such a splendid idea! I could hardly keep it to myself till we got away!"

"What is it?" What about?" asked Alice in some amazement.

"A present for Dora—a birthday present. My Aunt Gretchen has told me of a gift the Germans make, which they call a wonder ball. Let's make one for Dora!"

"How can we? I don't know how."

"I'll tell you. You know the German women are great knitters. They get a quantity of bright wool for any purpose they have in mind—say an afghan. Each friend buys a gift—a small one is best—and they get together and begin to wind the yarn. A gift is at the centre of the ball. Around this enough of the yarn to hide it entirely, when another gift is added, and so on until all the presents are included and the yarn wound."

"How very curious! How are they gotten out?"

"They are knitted out. The one who receives the wonder-ball is asked not to unwind any faster than the actual knitting requires."

"Oh, I see! There is always a present to come as long as the ball lasts."

"Yes. You can see how interesting it makes it. There's no telling how many things are wound up in it; and, as soon as you've reached one, you're crazy to get at the rest."

"We'll make one, we'll make one!" cried Alice. "Won't poor Dora be delighted?"

An afternoon was set for the winding; and after school a flock of the twelve girls who had received Dora's invitations to her birthday tea-party met at Caryl's house, who, as the most experienced one, had been asked to buy the wool.

Each had a little box with her card tied upon the top with a ribbon. Caryl had chosen wools of the brightest, most attractive colors; and, by the time they were all wound and the gifts enclosed, it made a tall almost as big as a bushel basket.

"How shall we carry it, and where will she keep it?" cried one.

"Mamma has a large scrap-basket she says we may have," said Caryl. "I'll put pretty ribbons on the handles, and make it look festive. Rob will take it over for us on his sled."

Dora was gaining fast of late; and, though she could not leave her bed, she found great pleasure and diversion in the birthday preparations. When the hour for the party arrived, her little friends came in a body, bearing the wonder-ball between them. Dora laughed more like her old self than she had before in weeks. She was dazzled and delighted with the thought of having a series of unknown presents ahead.

"I suppose I'll get about one a week if I work hard," she said.

"More than that, if you like to knit as well as I do," said Caryl.

"I surely shall like to now. I can hardly wait to begin."

There was a pair of white ivory needles stuck in the ball; and, while the other children played games, Caryl took a seat by Dora's bed, set up the knitting, and showed her how to begin. It was a very pretty stitch, and she forgot about her helplessness while she practiced it. The party was pronounced delightful; but, when the guests were gone, they left behind them a wonderful source of pleasure.

"The very name sounds as if it came from fairyland," said Dora.

The bit of knitting Caryl had set up Dora kept for a pattern, and the next day she began upon the afghan in earnest.

"I lay awake in the night and thought what I could do with it when it's done," she said to her mother. "You know poor little Biddy Ryan. She is worse sick than I am, and of course can never walk, since she is paralyzed. If the girls think it right, I shall give it to her."

The first present that unwound, after many busy stitches, was a beautiful gold thimble. It had Caryl's name on the card.

"She means I shan't be lazy," cried Dora, holding it up delighted.

According as its little owner was industrious or idle did the wonder-ball unroll its treasures. Each had a surprise of its own. In one was a loving note. With another was a bit of original verse, with another a painted card. It lasted weeks and weeks, for Dora's mother would not allow her to confine herself too closely to the knitting. By the time the last gift was unwound she had so gained in strength she could sit by the window and watch for her friends' visits. They came and helped her join the strips and make the fringe, and the day Caryl's brother came to carry it for her to little Biddy Ryan for her birthday present. Dora took her first steps since her fall.

"I wish everybody could have as good a time being sick as I have had," she said. "The doctor thinks the wonder-ball cured me, for it made me so contented. And how proud Biddy Ryan will be of her bright coverlet! I wish the wonder-ball might cure her, too!"

[Selected.]

Slate Pencils.

In the north-western part of the town of Castleton, Rutland County, Vt., is the only manufactory in the United States of slate pencils. The stone, as it first comes from the quarry, is sawed into blocks from four to seven inches wide, according to the length desired for the pencils. These are split quite easily with a chisel into slabs a little thicker than the polished pencils, say five-sixteenths of an inch. These are passed through a planing machine and over an emery belt to make them flat, smooth and of a uniform thickness of about three-sixteenths of an inch. Next day they are pushed into the jaws of a "crocodile," which consists of a pair of steel plates, in the under one of which are six rows of curved knives, each set so as to cut a little deeper than the one that went before it. These plow out parallel grooves half way through the slab, which a man then turns and lays on a steel plate, having ridges which just fit these grooves. This slides back under the six rows of teeth of a second "crocodile" lying in wait alongside, which cuts the grooves on the other side, and leaves the pencils side by side. Lastly, they are broken and rolled off for an instant to point them on an emery belt. A man can give this last touch to about eight thousand in a day. The average daily output is about thirty thousand, and the mill gives employment to some twenty-five hands. The old plan was to saw out square pencils from the slab one by one. These were boxed and distributed among poor families, who whittled them round by hand at from a quarter to half a dollar per thousand.—Exchange.

There is a wonderful brown and gold bird in Mexico, a species of the bee martin, that is a remarkably expert bee catcher. He has a way of ruffling up the feathers on top of his head, so that his crest looks exactly like a beautiful flower. When a bee comes along to sip honey from this delusive blossom it is snapped up and devoured.

How to Form Spirit Circles.

Inquirers into Spiritualism should begin by forming spirit-circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained, on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing mental powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household.

1. Let the room be of comfortable temperature, but cool rather than warm—the arrangement be made that nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of four, five or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands upon the top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is usually of no importance. Any table will do, just large enough to conveniently accommodate the sitters. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no harm, but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table, it sometimes, but not always, breaks the manifestations.

3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed lead-pencils and some sheets of clean writing paper on the table, and write down any communications that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations except with well developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an arid feeling against them has a very marked influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that a neutral, earnest feeling among the sitters should be maintained. The higher the spiritual power to come to the circle, and makes it more difficult for the lower spirits to come near.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first manifestations will probably be table tiltings or raps.

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let only one person speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one means "No," and two means "Doubtful," and let the suggestion be understood. If three signals be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want to send out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed and, from this time, an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will again be strengthened.

Next ask "Who is the medium?" When spirits appear, asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put, and the answers, if the statements of the spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of impulsive, affectionate and gentle nature, and very sensitive to mesmeric influences. The majority of media are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium and all the members of the circle are harmoniously bound together, and are thoroughly comfortable and happy; the manifestations are born of the spirit, and shrink somewhat from the lower mental influences of earth. Family circles with no strangers present are usually the best.

Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.

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WHOLE WORLD

SOUL COMMUNION

JUNE 27, 1888.

ALL MANKIND

WITHOUT REGARD TO RACE OR CREEDS.

ARE CALLED TO UNITE FOR

30 MINUTES IN SOUL COMMUNION.

TIME: 12 M. SALEM, OREGON.

THE WORLD'S SOUL COMMUNION TIME-TABLE.

The 27th day of each month, and from 12 m. to half-past 12 p. m., being the time fixed and inspirationally communicated through THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT for Soul Communion of humanitarians throughout the world, regardless of race and religious faith—the object being to invoke a rough co-operation in thought and unity in spiritual aspiration the blessings of universal peace and higher spiritual light—we give below a table of corresponding times for entering the Communion in various localities:

When it is 12 m. at Salem, Oregon, it is at—

Austin, Texas	1:43 p. m.
Boston, Mass.	3:23 p. m.
Burlington, Vt.	3:18 p. m.
Buenos Ayres, S. A.	4:18 p. m.
Buffalo, N. Y.	2:53 p. m.
Columbia, S. C.	2:48 p. m.
Cape Horn, S. A.	3:43 p. m.
Cape of Good Hope, Africa	2:20 p. m.
Chicago	2:20 p. m.
Detroit, Mich.	2:23 p. m.
Frankfurt, Germany	6:43 p. m.
Frankfort, Ky.	2:23 p. m.
Frederickton, New Brunswick	2:43 p. m.
Halifax, N. S.	3:13 p. m.
Harrisburg, Pa.	3:03 p. m.
Iowa City, Ia.	2:33 p. m.
London, Eng.	3:13 p. m.
Lecompton, Kan.	1:13 p. m.
Little Rock, Ark.	2:03 p. m.
Mobile, Ala.	2:18 p. m.
Montreal, P. Q.	2:13 p. m.
Nashville, Tenn.	2:23 p. m.
New York City	3:18 p. m.
Norfolk, Va.	3:03 p. m.
Omaha, Neb.	1:38 p. m.
Philadelphia, Pa.	3:13 p. m.
Pittsburg, Penn.	2:53 p. m.
Rome, Italy	9:01 p. m.
Savannah, Ga.	2:48 p. m.
St. Domingo, W. I.	3:33 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.	1:58 p. m.
San Francisco, Cal.	12:01 p. m.
San Jose, Costa Rica	12:01 p. m.
Vienna, Austria	9:21 p. m.
Vera Cruz, Mexico	9:48 p. m.
Walla Walla, Wash. Ter.	1:18 p. m.
Augusta, Maine	3:33 p. m.
Baltimore, Md.	3:08 p. m.
Berne, Switzerland	8:41 p. m.
Berlin, Prussia	9:09 p. m.
Constantinople, Turkey	3:13 p. m.
Cincinnati, Ohio	2:26 p. m.
Columbus, Ohio	2:38 p. m.
Caracas, Venezuela	3:46 p. m.
Charlottown, Prince Edward Island	3:56 p. m.
Dublin, Ireland	7:46 p. m.
Edinburgh, Scotland	8:01 p. m.
Dover, Delaware	3:09 p. m.
St. George, Barbados	1:33 p. m.
Georgetown, British Guiana	4:18 p. m.
Havana, Cuba	2:51 p. m.
Honolulu, S. I.	9:51 p. m.
Jourdain, Palestine	1:01 p. m.
Lisbon, Portugal	7:49 p. m.
Lima, Peru	3:04 p. m.
Milwaukee	2:18 p. m.
Montreal, P. Q.	2:26 p. m.
New Haven, Conn.	3:18 p. m.
Newport, R. I.	3:28 p. m.
New Orleans, La.	2:11 p. m.
Ottawa, Canada	3:08 p. m.
Panama, New Granada	2:33 p. m.
Paris, France	6:51 p. m.
Petersburg, Russia	10:11 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.	2:11 p. m.
St. John, New Foundland	8:33 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.	1:58 p. m.
Smithtown, Jamaica	3:36 p. m.
Springfield, Mass.	3:21 p. m.
Salt Lake City, Utah	12:43 p. m.
Tallahassee, Fla.	2:33 p. m.
Vicksburg, Miss.	2:56 p. m.
Wilmington, N. C.	2:30 p. m.
Washington, D. C.	3:01 p. m.

IT IS ARRANGED FOR THIS THOUGHT CONFERENCE TO BE SIMULTANEOUS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, AND CONNECTIONS THEREFORE HAVE BEEN MADE BY ADVANCE

THOUGHT IN LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, VIENNA, ST. PETERSBURG, YOKOHAMA, MADRAS, PEKIN, RIO JANEIRO, ROME, CITY OF MEXICO, BUENOS AYERS, HONOLULU, AND MANY OTHER CITIES.

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MEETINGS.

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THE BETTER WAY.

THE WAY PUBLISHING CO.
EVERY SATURDAY.

L. BARNEY, EDITOR
Assisted by a Corps of able Writers.

CINCINNATI, JULY 14, 1888.

At Two Dollars per Year to Subscribers in the United States; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents to any Foreign Country. No subscription entered till paid for, but sample copies will be sent to any address on application.

We begin life in merriment, but always come to a grave conclusion.

True Spiritualism contemplates the possible usufruct rather than the ultimate residuum.

We will have to mention again that the Questions sent to our columns for answers must not be of a personal nature.

Vice is miscalculation, obliquity of moral vision, and temporary madness. You may be able to take your choice.

The N. D. C. Axe chopping at indestructibles, like the B. W. will lose its edge rather than do them injury.

A good many people who are ordinarily intelligent would like to hear Judge Gildersleeve's definition of "conspiracy." Is it "a natural response to benevolence?"

"Every day'll be Sunday by and by," says the hymn. If we have daily journals then, all will be Sunday newspapers, and Mr. Talmage will object.

"Beyond; a Record of Real Life in the Beautiful Country over the River and Beyond," published by H. H. Kenyon, is on sale at the office of THE BETTER WAY. 50 cents.

The lecture on first page of last issue was given through Cora L. V. Richmond's mediumship. By an oversight the heading and her name does not appear. It was a Fourth of July mistake, and will have to be overlooked. But we are very sorry for it.

This week begins in THE BETTER WAY the publication of an original story entitled "SIX CHAPTERS IN THE LIFE OF A SPIRIT." It was written for us by MISS M. T. SHELHAMER, and is one of the best productions of her ready and fruitful brain.

Last Sunday Dr. McGlynn, in New York, denounced the stern necessity of paying rent, to which the ordinary toiler is subject. This is anarchy, and the courts could not better employ themselves than in correcting it. It is "conspiracy" against the best interests of the toiling masses.

Some of the Spiritualist Camps are now crowded with adherents of our cause and anxious inquirers, while others are just upon the eve of the season's work. There are indications that all the camps will be attended to their full capacity this summer, and that they will do a great and good work in the interest of Spiritualism. They are better adapted to this service than ever before.

The Freethinker's Magazine, for July, has a most excellent article from the pen of Charles Whipple, entitled "Holiness," good for any one to read.

It also contains a cut and a life sketch, each, of E. A. Stevens, Thaddeus Burr Wakeman, and Edward Bliss Foote, M. D., three bright stars in the galaxy of laborers for the great cause of liberty of thought and freedom of action.

Orthodoxy has adopted the strange expedient of over-dosing its victims, and with many of them dogmatism acts as a cathartic and expends all its force in the initial effort. It is a weakening process but ultimately healthful, for, with the dogmatic virus washed away, the patient recovers sense and makes ready for the visitation of reason. Overdoses are thus good in their effects and the results are often found in the liberalization of thought.

There is a frequently expressed desire to learn when he of the *File Us-Off* will find it "necessary" to prove in the courts of New York "that Mrs. Wells is a vile fraud, who has used trick cabinets and confederates for years." Unless he gets around to this work in course of two or three years, some good people will not only suspect him of untruthfulness, but know him to be a vile and unprincipled calumniator. He is in a bad box.

The idea that Mme. Diss Debar was really guilty of conspiracy and is justly punished has gained a great deal of ground among Spiritualists in the West, but there is not the shadow of truth in it. The gentleman whom she was charged with conspiring to defraud, testified that there was no truth in the accusation—that she asked him for nothing; that the service he received was worth more than the property he gave, but that she redeemed it without asking and wholly without consideration. The prosecutors were determined to convict. They were influential and had the ear of the court. The press howled condemnation every day, and holy church shouted an enthusiastic amen! She is not a model woman, but all the same she is not guilty of the charge, and is the helpless victim of damnable injustice.

"If Spiritualism stagnates, if its progress in the future becomes a dream—one of the great army of hopes unrealized—its supporters alone will be the cause of its decadence."

We quote this sentiment from a prize essay in the *Two Worlds* of June 22, by Miss Annie Fitton, for the purpose of emphasizing it in the minds of our readers. It is a fact which some people will realize too late to remedy the disaster it so eminently threatens.

The most ignorant man is he who concludes he has nothing more to learn. If he is not a student every day of his life, he is doing himself gross injustice. If he does not learn something every day of his life, he is losing valuable time. If he thinks he knows everything worth knowing, he is but one remove from a fool. "Spiritualism can teach me nothing," says the bigot. True indeed, for a bigot cannot acquire anything of a spiritual nature. He has no conception of its sweet signification, and should be pitied indeed.

If our friends at the various camps will oblige us with such news items as come to their notice, they shall be used for the mutual benefit of our readers and the camps, and it is positive that short reports of this kind will result in great good. Were it possible to do so, we would send out reporters for this business, but the way suggested will prove efficient and beneficial, if duly regarded. Give us the facts, and, if they need editing, a competent person will put them in shape for publication.

"We see that Mr. Barney, of THE BETTER WAY, announces his intention of raising the price of his paper from \$2.00 a year to \$2.50. In this he is quite right. So much reading matter is well worth that sum."—Banner of Light.

Thanks. After September 1, the price of THE BETTER WAY will be \$2.50 a year, but those subscribing or renewing previous to September will get it for \$2.00. Evidently now is the time to subscribe, and many people are taking advantage of the opportunity. Go thou and do likewise.

Notice in another column a letter from Helen Stuart Richings from Pittsburg, wherein she calls attention to THE BETTER WAY failing to give credit to the Pittsburg Leader for a very fair, unprejudiced report of spiritual meeting copied in our columns. It was an unintentional error, and not noticed in time to correct. We herewith acknowledge, and beg pardon of her and the Pittsburg Leader, and hope she will not have farther occasion to have even a shadow of a thought of illiberality when THE BETTER WAY is in her mind. Its motto is true, genuine liberality.

We have the same idea of the weather that the Quaker finally had of his hat. The broad brim enabled the wind to not only remove it but to carry it along rapidly beyond the speed of the owner. A saucy urchin laughed at the ridiculous conditions, and the Quaker, noticing him, inquired:

"Art thou a profane lad?"

"Sometimes," was the reply.

"Then," said he, withdrawing his hand from his pocket, "take this quarter and damn that hat as far as it will go." We are willing to devote the same sum to the red-hot humidity.

Under date of July 8th a communication reaches us from a friend in Chicago, which severely criticises our list of speakers and mediums, and points out several names not worthy to remain in this list. We are not only willing but anxious to clean out everybody who is unworthy of this free advertisement, and will thank correspondence throughout the land who will give us the advantage of their knowledge upon the subject. Knowledge, not rumor, is the desideratum, and we want it from those who will stand bravely up to the support of whatever they may communicate. Send along the facts.

There is getting to be a worse and worse outlook for the lost sheep of Israel every day. A deacon of the Baptist church in New York has absconded to avoid the penalty of marriage with a credal sister who has more than a sisterly claim upon him, and whose condition promises an increase of population in a few weeks; while a member of a neighboring church is discovered to be the proud possessor of three wives. It is thought this discovery would not have been made had he not opened negotiations for a fourth sharer of his joys! What are the estrays of the world to do when such examples are furnished by those who profess to love Jesus in preference to all the vanities of this sinful world?

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." How do you love yourself? Is it wholly for good qualities? No, sir. You are in search of happiness, and those qualities which contribute most to your enjoyment, be they good or bad, are those which you most highly prize. They are quite as liable to be bad as good, and those of your neighbor are subject to the same liability. Then that which you love in yourself you must love equally well in your neighbor, if you obey this command, and, unless you are prepared to love the bad habits of your neighbor, you must purify your own life with all possible expedition, that you may love only that which is good in mankind. This is the most natural and only safe definition of the text, and it is worth more than ordinary consideration.

The moral status of spirit mediums is to-day the subject of more interested inquiry than ever before, and this will be carried to the utmost limit of needed reform. Time has come when instruments of the angel world must be of the highest character or fail to elicit respect, and it is in order to notify the angel world of this determination and insist upon its observance. Spiritualism may then take a clean and dignified stand before the world.

Delays are indeed dangerous, but there is something worse—acting without due consideration. "If you do this at all, do it without a moment's delay," is thought to involve a good idea, but it does not. It is inconsiderate and rash, an invitation to blunder and calamity. Think well before you act, even in an emergency, but, when you have duly thought, then act promptly and with decision. Even when imminent danger menaces, be thoughtful—otherwise you may precipitate disaster irremediable. When you know exactly what to do, (if the act is a worthy one) you should be careful to perform it at the auspicious time, that it may realize its full value. Act, but think first, last and all the time.

Occasionally some novel inquiry is started regarding the life and public services of the devil, indicating that people do not yet know all they wish to about his Satanic majesty. Good church people contend that he was created as an angel of light, and that the unpardonable sin was committed when he ran counter to the design of God. Is it complimentary to the Supreme Intelligence to approve of the inference that its designs can be defeated? If God's original intention, in the creation of Ithuriel, was to make an angel of light, what would be the result if He were to design and create an angel of darkness, with all the extreme possibilities of a devil incarnate?

The spirit of progress is duly exemplified in the grand Centennial Exposition in Cincinnati, where the advance in art, industry and mechanism, which has marked the development of the Northwestern Territory in one hundred years of its history, is now commanding the attention of the whole country. An undertaking like this Exposition is remarkable in the fact that it is a perfect index to the character of our people as well as a pointer to their promise of future advancement, and with this idea in our minds the various exhibits are clothed with yet additional consequence. The importance of such an occasion cannot be overestimated, nor its lessons too carefully and comprehensively interpreted.

In answer to a very urgent call from seekers of light in spiritual philosophy, our friend and co-worker, Fred Evans, independent slate writer, of San Francisco, will, accompanied by his wife, take passage for Brisbane, Australia, on the 23d of August. The people of that place are anxious to investigate the claims of Spiritualism and have chosen him as an instrument for that purpose.

The best wishes of THE BETTER WAY go with him, and may he make so successful a placing before the inquirers there that they may see spiritual truths as they are. There is no doubt then that they will all be Spiritualists in time. All that is wanted to convert willing people is an honest, truthful worker who is an instrument in the hands of the spirit world; and such we believe Mr. Evans to be. And we wait to hear of grand results to give our readers in the autumn and winter months.

We are in receipt of an account of a strawberry festival held at Adelphi Hall, New York, on the evening of 26th June, and, did space permit, it would prove interesting to many of our readers. There are suggestions in it for Spiritualist societies everywhere. There was an attractive programme of music, readings and recitations, and the addition of a grand improvisation by Mrs. N. T. Brigham, which was the happy surprise of the evening. To the entertainment the price of admission was twenty-five cents, and to participation in strawberries, ice cream, cake and sociability, *ad libitum*, the cost was fifteen cents each, but some of the young men took care of a table-full of smiles, dimity and sweetness, and, of course, paid accordingly. The receipts reached a pretty figure, all for the benefit of the treasury of the First Spiritualist Society, of New York, of which Mrs. Henry J. Newton is the efficient custodian. "Go thou and do likewise."

Good!

A spirit comes back to correct a mistake in our columns.

In our report of the "Memorial Communion," of May 31st, it reads: "Fannie Weaver sang a beautiful song, only as a spirit can."

July 2nd the father of that spirit was sitting in Mrs. Stewart's circle, when she came and said:

"Papa, they made a mistake, and called me Fannie Weaver instead of Fannie Anderson, when they mentioned my singing at the Hall."

We are sorry, dear spirit, for the error, and are gratified that you call attention to it. There were so many trumpets, so many spirits, and so many new names that evening, that it was almost impossible not to make a mistake somewhere. If you will favor us with another beautiful song, we will promise to give your name correctly, sure.

It is useless to fight single handed. No use to fight intemperance with one weapon. Some advocate that it is to be slain by legislation alone, others by moral suasion. Now we advocate using both means, and using them in conjunction. While we are educating our families to a higher standard and training our boys and girls to be better and stronger than to yield to any temptation, and educating their morals and tastes entirely above and too pure to admit of their ever becoming addicted to intemperance, yet let us gladly hail anything legal that will assist in the great cause.

The proposition to submit to the popular vote a constitutional amendment, prohibiting liquor traffic in the United States, is favorably reported from the Committee on Education. If this bill is submitted to the States, and the friends of humanity and progress unite and work as well as wish, prohibition will win, and the greatest stride in and for the nation will be recorded.

The question as to the moral standing of certain prominent individuals frequently arises, and it is discussed with noisy fervor. What they believe is frequently more important than what they practice, and what they say is vastly superior to what they do. "Parson Talmage says," seems to have grown into a positive introduction to some great fact, in the mind of vulgar people, whereas that which Parson Talmage says is frequently the veriest twaddle and unworthy the least attention. Bereft of slang and dramatic action, Talmage would attract no more attention than the ordinary advocate of hell and damnation.

Why not discuss the moral standing of people? Then there would be a plenteousness of subject matter beyond suspicion of exhaustion, provided the standard of morals were furnished by the neighbors of the people discussed. We have in manuscript some terrible arraignments of this sort, which we dare not publish with anonymous signatures, and writers will not permit the use of their real names. In fact, we have not room for slush of this sort, but a great newspaper like the *Enquirer* might devote itself to such work, and fairly respond to its legitimate mission.

Thinkers among Spiritualists are more numerous than in former years, and they are the most important factor of the cause. Close, patient, logical thinkers are in demand everywhere, and Spiritualism needs those who can give a reason for the faith and the knowledge that animate them. Causes cannot be readily accounted for, but the explanation of effects is the next best thing, and he who can and will do this, is a public benefactor. We know that certain conditions in a seance bring positive and gratifying results, but often their signification is not plain. A high grade of human intelligence is frequently required to understand them, and it is especially desirable that the ability to explain should be coupled with this intelligence. Then the dark places will become enlightened.

Phenomena furnish the illustrations of our philosophy whenever they can be philosophically used, but unless thus used they are of little worth to the cause of truth. If desired simply to gratify curiosity, it is unfortunate if they come at all, for the angel world is too sacred a realm to be made the subject of investigation for anything less than real instruction. It is a great blessing to have it for this purpose and, if not properly used, its advantages will not be enjoyed for a long period by suffering humanity, and injustice is likely to come to the few sincere inquirers that the great rabble of unthinking creatures may be punished. Give us more thinkers.

OUR PAGANISM.

We return to our work after an absence of several weeks to find that some correspondents have enmeshed themselves in a jumble about Christian Spiritualism. Upon this question C. M. Keith had the floor and should have been left to its peaceful occupancy as she had shown no disposition to treat it from a sectarian or orthodox standpoint, but simply to exhibit the Christ principle in its better application to Spiritualism, and not as Christianity is exemplified in the life of any individual or body of creeds. We refer to nothing but that great impulse toward human brotherhood, which, thank the good angels, is older than Krishna, and which has been exemplified in thousands of grand lives, like those of Guatama Buddha, Confucius, Socrates and Jesus of Nazareth. Upon a point like this a jumble is as much out of order as it would be in the solar system, and therefore we have stopped to take an account of damages and find out where THE BETTER WAY stands. No rights of correspondents or readers shall be imperiled, if we can help it, but it would have resulted in a pleasanter condition than the present if some people had kept their noses in the more intimate neighborhood of their own concerns.

BEST EFFORTS.

It is never possible to predict the outcome of your best effort, no matter what line it may be in. Like brothers Depew and Sherman, you may strive to become President of the U. S., but a convention seizes your ambition, immerses it in cold water and hangs it up to dry, and your chances are gone. You may hanker after "oh, the sweetest girl" for a wife, and a snub-nose rival, with plenty of pluck and

tin, cuts you out, and you go dead with grief. This is unfortunate for your future success in the world.

Writing for the press to the utmost verge of your ability is as risky a thing as you can do. The chances are that the production will not strike the editor as it does you, and he will pitch it into the waste basket, but, if published, it is more than likely that your best phrases may be spoiled by the substitution of ridiculous words for those of euphonious construction, and, in your mind, you are ruined. We plead guilty to just this crime against some of our most highly prized correspondents. In fact, a dear young friend called at THE BETTER WAY sanctum only last week to file a remonstrance on this very subject. "You make me say 'conglomerate' in place of 'conglobation,'" said he, "and 'lumber' for 'lumber.'" "Not much difference," we told him. Then we explained that those who looked upon the matter as he did would make their own corrections, and that those who did not would be satisfied with the article as printed, but all to no purpose. He felt sure that one of his best efforts was spoiled, and we were forced to concede that it was somewhat twisted. Then he said he would hereafter write his best articles for another paper, and that when he had one he didn't care much for, he would send it to us. We begged him to do so, with thanks, and thus the effusion of blood was prevented. Our only fear is that he may repent of his resolution and again send us one of his best efforts, to be horribly mangled, or, perchance, murdered. The thought is blood-curdling, not to say demoting.

CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

Complaint is made that some phases of our national development are calculated to foster aristocracy. Not necessarily, and perhaps not possibly. All our declarations are opposed to class distinctions, and there is nothing practical to encourage them. The American character is free and liberal, while the aristocratic impulse is one of the most narrowing influences which beset humanity. It prescribes distinctions based upon considerations which ought not to induce distinctions.

There must always be an immeasurable distance between the pure and the evil, the brave and the cowardly, the true and the false. But one who allows accidental circumstances—such as birth, fortune or connections—to influence him in the choice of friends, will inevitably find himself falling short of the development of his best capabilities. His generous nature will shrink a little, his better impulses will be restrained, and his judgment on every subject will be warped—it may be to a degree that he will not directly appreciate—by his habit of estimating the value of men and women according to a factitious standard. And this is essentially true whenever we allow ourselves to make one rigid, unvarying, Prorustean bed for every one to lie in.

Intellectual aristocracy is not the least narrow of the forms in which a feeling of caste asserts itself. What is the benefit, after all, of study, reading, writing, and making many books, if, somehow, we are not made broader and wider in our views?—if we do not learn to see and appreciate strength and beauty (the latter being the more subtle, and so the more difficult to recognize), whether we find them in the conservatory, the forest, or the souls of men and women? The young gentleman just out of college comes forth into the world with a compassionate pity for the great, generous, hearty man of business, who, probably, never heard of Xenophon. The graduate has something to give the world higher than this merchant ever dreamed of. But he begins to learn tolerance as the days and the months go by, and he finds that the world will not stop to hear him speak. He begins to appreciate that there is no one so useless as the man who disdains to form a part of the busy, moving mass that is pressing on to the field of action, but stands in idle admiration of his own contracted and unprogressive sphere—like one who commands the guns of victory and spikes them at the opportune moment.

GOTHAM CHIPS.

NEW YORK, July 9, 1888.
An inquiry is raised regarding the particular shade of Judge Gildersleeve's religious belief. He has orthodox proclivities, but is at heart a friend of muscular Christianity and rifle shooting at long range. He is a bowler at ten pins and a dabster with the billiard cue; a free liver, and, it is said, very little of a thinker. If other people think, it is their lookout. They must take the responsibility.

No one suspects this honorable judge of Spiritualism. He may be good enough to become a disciple of the cause, but his mind is not attuned to its harmonious philosophy, and his natural sympathy is with "the boys." Had he lived in the sixteenth century, his vocation would probably have been that of the jolly monk, or prebendary of a cathedral where the "pickings" were toothsome. He could make the sign of the cross without hesitation or compunctious impulse, if it would add to his popularity.

Nobody claims that Mme. Diss Debar is a Spiritualist—not even herself. She is recorded as a Romanist at the Blackwell Island reformatory, and it is pretty positive that she has no more religion than the law allows. It is to be regretted that the spirit world uses such an instrument for its work, but at the same time we must

bear in mind that the most beautiful flowers spring from the mire. She is a great medium, which fact fills the measure of offensiveness in the judicial eyes of "Christian" New York. Ancient Sodom was not more moral than modern Gotham.

Luther R. Marsh is building a handsome residence at Brockton, N. Y., to which he will remove in the early fall. A room will be devoted to the spirit paintings which came through the Diss Debar mediumship, and they will attract visitors to Brockton so long as art is admired of man. There are many gems in this collection which any artist of the present century would be proud of the ability to produce, and they will form a gallery of art of the first importance to the cause of spiritual enlightenment. Doubtless Brockton will become the Mecca of pilgrims innumerable, as they journey onward toward the light of the better way.

Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost offers a new definition of charity. He says it is "the free gift of any thing not injurious." This gentleman gives quite a large congregation a piece of his mind every Sunday. It is too thin to be "injurious," and yet the gift is not charity, for it is valueless to the recipient. Brother Pentecost has said some startling things, because they seemed wicked from his old orthodox standpoint; but when he comes to chew them over and seeks to spit them out in new shape, they are loathsomely insipid. He can never hold a congregation together on hash reheated. This is the old way, but now all things have become new.

There will be an awakening among New York Spiritualists in the fall and coming winter. They are beginning to realize the style of persecution to which they have recently been subjected, and understand that it is to be carried on more unrelentingly in the future, if they remain non-resistant and quiet. The time for quietness has past, unless they wish to remain permanently in this condition, and surrender all power of action.

Written for The Better Way.
Was it Samuel?
BY WARREN CHASE.

If there is any truth in the Bible story about the reappearance of Samuel after his death, there is nothing in it but a confirmation of modern manifestations and even materialization.

First: According to the history, Samuel was a prophet, and a good and godly man, even if he did hew down Agag, and according to modern Christianity, he was either in heaven with God, or put asleep waiting for the resurrection of his body, which could not rise until after Christ came and died and was resurrected, as the first to rise from the dead.

Second: the "woman" who called him was, by Christian interpretation of scripture, one of the wicked, condemned, ostracized and persecuted victims of God's command, and one that could have no dealings with the good people of either world or with God. How then could she get Samuel out of heaven if he was there, or wake him from his happy sleep, or get his body from the grave, or, if it was the devil personating Samuel, why did he tell Saul the truth, and not lie to him, as he is called the father of lies. If this "witch" or "old hag," as our preachers call her, had the power, or help of God, to get Samuel out to tell Saul the truth and rebuke him for his wickedness, may not some of our mediums do the same, and call up some good persons to tell the truth, even if they are condemned by the popular preachers, as her class were in olden times.

Third, Saul had become wicked and was deserted by his God, and had no prophets to guide him; and how does it happen that God, who would not send him a prophet, sent Samuel, through this condemned woman, to tell him what any prophet could have told him, and a truth he ought to have known when he knew his God had deserted him.

What a ridiculously twisted affair our Christian writers and speakers make of this simple story, which is, to a large extent, repeated every day, through our mediums. The simple truth is that the woman was a medium, condemned by the church, as mediums are now, and that Saul, in trouble, sought a medium to consult his old prophet, Samuel, who was dead to this world, and through the medium, then as now, the spirit materialized and was recognized, as our friends are, and as Samuel was good this places the woman, and Saul was justly rebuked, not for coming there, but for his wickedness. God had no more to with it than he has with modern manifestations, nor the devil either. It is a simple story—very likely true.

CORDEN, ILL., July 1, 1888.

About Angels.

"Pa," said he the other day, "do angels have wings?" "Yes, son." "Pa, if I'm a good boy, will I be an angel?" "Yes, son." "An have wings and fly way up out o' sight?" "Yes; if you want to, I suppose you can, son." "If you see me flying with wings when you's out hunting, you wouldn't shoot me, would you, pa?" "No, pa wouldn't shoot his little boy." A long pause and then: "Pa, do angels have feathers on 'em?" "Y-e-s [groping with some hesitation in the dusty theological corner of the world worn brain] I suppose so, son." (Another pause.) "Pa, can you pick an angel?" The fond parent took refuge in laughter, and the sitting ended here in the banishment of the young knowledge-seeker to his little bed.

PERSONAL.

S. S. Baldwin, magnetic healer, has removed to 34 E. Sixth st.

Mrs. Anna Cissna, Mrs. Andrew Street and Miss Stella Street, of this city, left for Lookout Mountain camp meeting on Saturday last.

Mrs. S. Seery, after a very successful week at Evansville, Ind., has returned to her home in our city. Her many friends will be glad to learn that she intends remaining among us, and can be found at her residence, 34 West street. The announcement that she was leaving for other fields of labor, grew out of this intended trip to Evansville, where we were informed she intended to remain. But we are glad to announce it altogether a mistake, for we had rather see more like her come than to have her go.

Movements of Mediums.

[All announcements and notices under this head must be received at this office by Monday to insure insertion the same week.]

Mrs. Nellie Coffin is located at Onset.

Mrs. L. French is open for engagements for 1888.

John Stater is pushing forward the work at Chicago.

J. W. Fletcher will speak at Parkland, Pa. and Sunapee, N. H. Camp Meetings.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis is now residing at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

A. S. Pease will make Saratoga his home for the summer.

Mrs. Mary J. Jennings, of Camden, N. J., is attending the Parkland, Pa., Camp Meeting, and will give sittings.

Fred Evans, independent slate writer, of San Francisco, leaves, August 23d, for Brisbane, Australia.

Mrs. L. A. Logan conducts meetings Sunday evenings at Harmony Hall, Denver, Col.

Mrs. Clara Field is at Lake Pleasant, but can be addressed for engagements, care of Banner of Light, Boston.

Mrs. Mary C. Wright can be secured for lectures or grove meetings, by addressing her at Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Mrs. T. J. Lewis, speaker and test medium, 26 Harrison Ave., Boston, will answer calls in the Eastern States.

George A. Fuller, M.D., and Dr. H. F. Merrill, the test medium, are engaged for the month of July at Mt. Lookout Camp Meeting.

Mrs. Helen Mar Wood, of Little Rock, Ark., will spend the month of July at the Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting.

Mr. Geo. V. Cordingley, the wonderful boy trance and test medium, has returned to the city, and is now located at 1620 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo.

The Parker Circle have their regular meetings evening Sunday at 221 Walnut st., St. Louis, Mo., at 7 p. m. They are doing a good work, their meetings being well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Little will be in Chicago the Sundays of the 15th and 22nd of this month; from there they go to Michigan. We presume to the Vicksburg Camp Meeting.

Miss Josephine Webster, Trance and Platform Test medium, will answer calls for the fall and winter months. 98 Park street, Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond discourses before the First Society of Spiritualists, on Ada street, Chicago, Ill., morning and evening each Sunday.

Miss Lizette D. Bailey, trance lecturer and psychometric reader, is open for engagements. Reasonable terms. Address Dr. Thos. McAbey, 727 Twelfth st., Louisville, Ky.

Dr. Daniel Calkins and wife, of Williams Center, O., formerly Mrs. C. M. Gordon, of Toledo, will be at the Vicksburg, Michigan, Camp Meeting during the month of July.

J. C. Street will act as Chairman at Cassadaga Camp Meeting this season, and will open, about the last week in July, a class for occult science and cultivation of Spiritual Gifts at that place.

J. W. Kenyon will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals anywhere in the United States and Canada.

Address, 54 Boswick street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

B. M. Lawrence will answer calls to lecture with or without his stereopticon and spirit pictures, on Sundays or week day evenings. He has a large and fine collection of spirit pictures. Address, care Banner of Light.

Mary A. Charter's engagements for the summer months are at Adrian, Detroit, Lansing and Monroe, Mich., and South Bend, Ind. She can be addressed at Carleton, Mich.

J. Frank Baxter, has engagements for Sundays—July 1, in West Duxbury, Mass.; July 8, in Ridge Hill Grove, Scituate, Mass.; July 15, in Wachusett Park, Westminister, Mass.; July 22, at the Parkland, Penna., Camp Meeting; and July 29, at Hanson, Mass.

His August appointments take him to Mantua, O., Yearly Meeting; Cassadaga, N. Y., Camp Meeting; Niantic, Conn., Camp Meeting; and Lake Pleasant, Mass., Camp Meeting, respectively.

September he continues with Etna, Me., Camp Meeting; Madison Lake, Me., Camp Meeting; then to Willimantic, Conn., for the third Sunday of the month; and to Lynn, Mass., for the fourth and fifth Sundays, and on continuously in other places into the fall of 1888.

Edgar W. Emerson will be at the Oakland Cal., Camp Meeting during the month of June; July 21st to 30th, at Onset Bay, Mass.; Camp Meeting; August 4th to 13th, at Sunapee Lake, N. H.; Camp Meeting; 16th to 27th, Cassadaga, N. Y.; Camp Meeting; September, at Buffalo, N. Y., and October at Troy, N. Y.

G. W. Bates and wife are engaged for the grove meeting at Hicksville, Ohio, August 11 and 12, and Clinton, Iowa, camp meeting, August 19 and 26. They would like to make engagements in the West for months of September and October. Address, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Helen Stuart-Richings is the guest of Mrs. C. P. Meskimen, East End, Pittsburg, Penn. She has still some unengaged dates for next winter, and can be directly addressed during July at West Alder street, E. E. Pittsburg, Penn., while her correspondents are reminded that her permanent address is "General Delivery, Boston, Mass."

Hon. Warren Chase may be addressed at Cobden, Ill., and his books ordered from him there till the camp meeting at Clinton, Iowa. He is open for engagements in Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin for September, October and the last half of August. During the winter his address will be St. Louis, Mo., and he will lecture in places not too far from that city during the winter.

July 20th to August 3rd, at Cassadaga, N. Y. Camp Meeting.

August 6th to 12th, Onset Bay, Mass., Camp Meeting.

August 13th to 21st, Sunapee Lake, N. H., Camp Meeting.

August 22nd to 25th, Queen City Park, Vt., Camp Meeting.

August 26th to 31st, Etna, Me. Camp Meeting.

September 2nd and 9th, Bridgeport, Conn., Camp Meeting.

Miss Hagan's time is all engaged up to the Camps of '89.

Parties wishing to engage her for fall and winter of '89 may address her, or F. A. Boulet, Business Manager, South Framingham, Mass.

CINCINNATI MEDIUMS.

Mrs. J. H. Stowell, Trance. 232 Findlay St.

Mrs. S. Seery, 31 West street, Trumpet and Slate Writing.

Mrs. A. G. Kuball, 388 Baymiller street, between Poplar and Findlay streets, Trumpet.

J. D. Lyons, 188 Richmond street, Trance, Readings from Letters, Photos, Hair, etc.

Mrs. M. Englert, Trumpet. 67 Marshall Ave.

Mrs. Stewart, Trumpet and Independent Slate Writing. 10 Addison street.

Mrs. Anna Cissna, Independent Slate Writer. 33 Mill street.

Mrs. Laura A. Carter, Hawthorne avenue, Price Hill, Independent Slate Writer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Winchester, 371 Elm street, Trumpet.

An Anniversary.

Monday, July 3d, being the twentieth anniversary of their marriage, Mr. I. S. McCracken and wife received their friends at their residence, 603 Freeman Avenue, which resounded again with mirth and pleasure. They were remembered with many elegant and useful presents, which were arrayed in the dining room. Conspicuous among them was a crayon portrait of himself from Mrs. McCracken to her husband. It was of large size, 25x30, and a fine piece of work—a facsimile in every particular and handsomely framed. It was crayoned by Miss Kelley.

Mrs. Graham entertained the guests with some of her recitations, which were hugely enjoyed. Mrs. Stella Street, who is a fine performer, gave vocal and instrumental music.

The supper was elegant and all enjoyed it. The home was filled with friends, among whom we noticed:

J. H. Wright and wife, J. H. Grisard and wife, W. P. Goodhue and wife, W. S. King and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Kibby, Charles Reid and wife, C. C. Stowell and wife, H. A. Starr and wife, C. H. Waters and wife, S. J. King and wife, Mrs. Mary Graham, Miss Stella Street, Miss Lizzie King, Miss Hume, Geo. Thill, J. B. Froome, and many others whose names we did not learn.

Many and hearty were the congratulations and the wishes for many returns. The host and hostess entertained in their happiest style, and made all feel at home.

The subjoined poem was written and read by Mrs. Mary Graham:

Just twenty years ago to-day,
A youth and maid were wed;
Thinking it was the better way,
The path of life to tread.

To share each other's cares and joys,
Each other's weal or woe,
And if blest with girls and boys,
Teach them the way to go;

In which true wisdom they might learn,
And be honest, pure and true;
And thus the truest riches earn,
The best that earth can show.

As time passed on a daughter came,
This little home to bless;
And well, I ween, she bathed her so,
And never caused distress.

And as the years go rolling on,
May peace and joy abound;
And friends invisible and seen,
Around their hearth be found.

No son has come to bless the pair,
And carry down the name;
But it will be emblazoned where
Is highest holiest fame.

For honesty and truth and right,
Will stand when all else fade,
For those spirits beautiful and bright,
Their home with them have made.

So friends, as we have met once more,
To greet your nuptial day,
That many such may be in store,
For you and yours we pray.

And now good spirits one and all;
We pray you bless this home,
And may no blighting influence fall,
On all the years to come.

And when they reach a ripe old age
And life's cord begins to slacken,
May the names be bright on memory's page
Of G. and I. McCracken.

Closed Till October.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

The Worcester Association of Spiritualists closed their meetings for the hot season June 21st, having paid every dollar of indebtedness and have a balance in the hands of the treasurer. The Society will again commence their meetings in Continental Hall Sunday, October 7th. Miss Jennie B. Hagan, inspirational speaker, will officiate during the Sundays of October. The following officers have been elected for the year:

President—W. C. Smith.
Vice President—E. H. Hammond.
Cor. Secretary—Mrs. W. Smith.
Recording Secretary—E. P. Howe.
Financial Secretary—R. C. Smith.
Committee—E. Hubbard, T. W. Sutton, W. C. Bryant, Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Underwood.

C. R. Bennett.

Attention Called to Those Intending Visiting Onset Camp Meeting.

The Onset Station, on the Old Colony Railroad, is now open, and excursion tickets are sold to Onset, which is the most direct way of reaching the Onset Bay Camp ground. The Onset street railway is also in operation, connecting with all trains to and from the grove.

Notice to Spiritualists of Wisconsin.

Dr. J. C. Phillips, of Omro, has been appointed agent for the State to solicit subscriptions and advertisements for this paper. We hope that all Spiritualists will give him their aid in furthering the cause for which he is so earnestly working.

THE WAY PUBLISHING CO.

Notice to St. Louis Subscribers and Spiritualists.

Mr. Milton Lytle, of St. Louis, has been appointed agent for this publication to receive subscriptions and advertisements and make collections. THE WAY PUBLISHING CO.

Cincinnati Lyceum at G. A. R. Hall.

The Cincinnati Lyceum met at G. A. R. Hall, at 9 1/2 A. M. and was called to order by Mrs. Roberts, President. Opened by singing Happy Greeting to All. Miss Belle Molloy presided at the organ.

Owing to extreme warm weather there were not many children present; about 20. Liberty Group (adults) numbering 65, was conducted by Mrs. Sheehan, and after the lesson she was again controlled by the Doctor, a spirit of high intelligence, and delivered a lecture—subject, "Whither are we going, whither are we drifting?" and did the subject justice. After the discourse quite a number of questions were asked and answered satisfactorily.

Next, Mrs. Donnelly was controlled by a Major Morgan, who passed to spirit life in the year 1811.

The medium spoke in a loud, clear tone in the old fashioned Methodist style. Said he had been a shouting Methodist but had grown out of it now and would fight for progress and the rights of humanity as boldly and bravely as he did for his country in the early struggles.

Brother Grooms fulfilled his promise to trouble people, by giving one of his "prompts" in the form of a bold and unflinching with strict attention, which showed their appreciation.

Lyceum closed with the usual march and hymn Lyceum Band.

There were a number of mediums present who will, on next Sunday after Lyceum, have a regular medium and Spiritualist meeting, and a royal time can be promised all who attend.

Those who have been in attendance are heartily pleased with the Lyceum, and all are cordially invited.

First Association of Spiritualists.

The First Association of Spiritualists met at Braun's Hall, Ninth and Franklin Ave., Sunday 2 1/2 P. M., and elected new officers: President, G. E. Williams, residence, 2703 Broadway; Secretary, Samuel Penberthy, Hotel Western.

Friends of the cause invited to attend, and correspondence solicited from America and Europe.

SAMUEL PENBERTHY, Hotel Western, Third and Carr streets, St. Louis, Mo., July 9.

The article in this impression of THE BETTER WAY on "organization," from the pen of Prof. Henry Kiddie, will command the attention of every reader who has the interest of Spiritualism at heart. Organization has become a necessity for more reasons than this earnest thinker gives, and certainly mutual protection is one of its strongest arguments. This is a crying need of the hour, and must be had if grave disaster to the cause is to be efficiently averted. Prof. Kiddie's article will command intelligent attention.

We feel great interest in the perusal of Pomeroy's *Advance Thought*. It always contains more genuine mental pabulum than can be found elsewhere for the money, and gives the appreciative reader something to think about for a good long spell. There are life lessons in its pages. It is published monthly at No. 234 Broadway, New York, by Mark M. Pomeroy, at \$1.00 per year.

CAMP MEETINGS.

Cassadaga Camp Meeting opens July 21.

Iowa State Camp convenes July 1st, and continues for five weeks.

Sunapee Lake Camp, at Newbury, N. H., commences July 29th and closes August 29th.

Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting will last the entire month of July.

Camp at Vicksburg, Mich., from July 13 to August 14.

Haslett Park, Mich., meeting will be held for five Sundays, beginning July 26.

Morristown, Minn., from June 13th to July 18th.

Verona Park, Maine. From August 12th to August 27th.

Queen City Park, Vermont. Meetings begin August 21st; continue till September 16th.

Lake Pleasant, Mass., August 1st to September 3rd.

Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association will hold a five weeks Camp Meeting beginning July 21, at Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

The Parkland, Pa., camp meeting opens this day, Saturday, June 30, and closes Sept. 5, 1888. Their list of speakers and mediums, the beautiful grounds, and great facilities will make it very popular.

Devil's Lake.

Thinking a few lines in regard to the grove meeting just closed at Devil's Lake, Mich., might be acceptable, I send the following account:

Some four weeks ago I received a letter from Mr. J. B. Allen, of Devil's Lake, Mich., asking my cooperation in the matter of grove meeting at that place, to be held about the last of June or the first of July, and arrangements were accordingly made for a meeting to be held on the 29th and 30th of July. Having so short a time in which to make the necessary arrangements, and being unable to induce the railroad company to run excursion trains, made it rather uphill work, but it was carried through to a success. On account of bad weather only one meeting was held on Friday, which was the first in the evening. On Saturday we held two meetings in the grove and one at the hotel in the evening, at all of which we had a fair attendance. On Sunday some of the friends drove twenty miles or more to attend the meeting, and stayed during Saturday and Sunday.

We had as speakers: Mrs. L. A. Pearsall of Disco, Mich., and Mrs. Palmer of Deerfield, Mich., assisted by the following mediums: Mrs. D. E. Canell, clairvoyant and platform test; Mrs. M. E. Jamison, M. D., clairvoyant and psychometric reader; Mrs. Nettie M. Ketchum, clairvoyant and test; Mrs. Ketchum, also answered for the grove meeting, with platform with good success. Mrs. F. F. Blackley, trance and test. Mrs. Blackley also sang fluently in the Spanish tongue, being, it is claimed, controlled by Adrian Zoro, a Spanish opera singer. These mediums were all from Toledo, Mrs. Margaret Owen of Lake Pleasant, Mass., was present, and we were also favored by the presence of a lady with short but good speeches by Mr. W. F. Trim of Adrian, and Mrs. B. J. Hoig of Monroeville, N. Y. In my experience in attending meetings at Lake Pleasant, Haslett Park, Battle Creek, and elsewhere, have I seen such enthusiasm manifested as was shown at this meeting. Such a burst of spiritual activity, both philosophical and phenomenal—is seldom seen.

At the close of the afternoon meeting on Sunday, a call was made for those interested in effecting a permanent organization for the purpose of holding a yearly meeting at this grove. Mr. Trim of Adrian, was chosen as chairman, and called the meeting to order. When they proceeded to organize as follows:

Vice President—Mrs. M. J. Mariatt, of Onset, Mich.
Treasurer—Mr. A. D. Rice, of Clayton, Minn.

After the election of officers, Mr. Allen was asked on what terms the Association could secure the grove for their meetings, he replied as long as he lived, and owned the grove, they were welcome to it free of charge, also pledging himself to do everything possible to make the movement a success.

I would say, in closing, that the manner in which we were entertained by mine host Mr. Allen and wife of the Devil's Lake Hotel, also his kindness in placing the steamer "Tecumseh" Chief at our disposal, going to and returning from the grove, free of charge, and the fact that the friends of the grove met our stay with them a pleasant one; which, we hope, will have many repetitions; we would also thank Mr. Allen, William Bradford of Erie, Pa., who kindly offered as organist during the meeting.

Yours for humanity, W. M. SMITH.
Toledo, July 9, 1888.

Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting.

Since our last letter to you there has been one week of almost solid spiritual enjoyment on this mountain. Daily meetings and some times two and three meetings per day have been the record. The speakers and mediums all seem anxious to do their full measure and please the people.

The first instance of note was the Independence Day celebration. We copy from the *Clinton Herald* of the 4th inst.:

"Probably the only organized effort to celebrate the Fourth in the neighborhood of Clinton, was the one made by the Spiritualists on their camp grounds on Lookout Mountain. Mr. George W. Bates as the orator of the day. We have frequently heard this kind of thing, but never listened to his words with greater interest than on this occasion. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond selected a number of interesting tests, which were given to the audience that 'The Red, White and Blue' as the theme for an improvised poem. This is a gift was electrically tested by the audience applauding the fair improvisation to the echo. It should have been stenographically reported, as the exquisite gem deserved preservation."

Mrs. McCann, of New Orleans, rendered in a charming manner a vocal solo adapted to the occasion. Her voice was sweet and melodious, and after which Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, of Massachusetts, delivered a short impromptu address, in which he spoke of the "climax of eloquence." When, as a climax, he brought out the name of Thomas Paine in connection with Washington and Jefferson, the patriotic shout shook with the plaudits of the audience.

Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Maine, then gave a dramatic representation of the battle of the Clouds, which was well received by the audience.

At night a fine pyrotechnic display was witnessed on the lawn in front of the hotel, where the ladies were engaged in a social gathering, who enjoyed this fun till after midnight. Then the lights were extinguished and silence fell upon the dawning of the new day that followed the "glorious Fourth."

On Thursday two gentlemen arrived who had lately become convinced of the truth of Spiritualism—their first evidences having been obtained at former meetings of this camp. Their names, told in confidence, were very interesting and encouraging to the association. Many others have come to seiff and gone away convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. The lectures of Mrs. Richmond, Mr. Gladstone, and Dr. Fuller continue to be repeated with logic and eloquence.

By Dr. Merrill, Dr. Fuller, and Mr. Merrill, a great interest in at least one instance. After Mr. C. L. Stevens, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Secretary Bates had spoken, Mrs. Clancy, a medium from Chattanooga, Tenn., was controlled by the spirit of her deceased husband, our beloved co-worker, who was engaged as usual since this camp started to attend this meeting, Mrs. S. H. Talbot, of Texas.

The news of his death in spirit life fell upon us with a saddening and astonishing effect. We could scarcely believe it. President Albert then reported that he had a letter in his pocket lately received, bearing him of the passage to spirit life of Mother Talbot. He had purposely refrained from announcing the fact, hoping her spirit would stirle the camp with a message. The result is a great event for demonstrated Spiritualism.

A resolution was passed to appoint Monday, July 16, as a memorial day to commemorate the spirit birth of Mother Talbot and others arisen, who were workers or members with us.

Mrs. Bates being called upon, gave three spirit descriptions, and then passing under control, gave an improvised song upon "Farewell, dear sister." Mrs. Stevens sang "Farewell, dear sister." Mrs. Bates sang an appropriate solo, and the meeting adjourned in sadness for their physical separation from our dear sister, but with hopefulness for future inspirations from the sphere of her spiritual exaltation.

Sunday, July 8th, was a red-letter day. The railroad trains brought large numbers of people. The three sessions were attended by the largest audience this season. Mrs. Richmond spoke in the morning upon "In My Father's house are many mansions." Mr. Gladstone in the afternoon was given a spirit description of the subject of "Disincarnation." Dr. Fuller lectured at the light service upon "The truth shall make you free." Mrs. Cissna the favorite medium of Cincinnati, with other ladies, arrived Sunday, and will remain during the camp. Visitors continue to come in and the interest is constantly increasing.

There are excellent prospects for a splendid meeting during the entire month. THE BETTER WAY seems to have many friends, and patrons among the visitors, which argues the efficacy of your liberal notices of the camp. Your correspondent hopes to be able to send you weekly liberal reports of interesting camp items.

WHITEFIELD.

Mantua Station, O.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

The meeting held near the residence of the late Dr. Underhill, Akron, O., on the 21th of June, was addressed by D. M. King. The occasion was one of much interest and the meeting proved a success.

On Sunday, July 1st, the meeting in Atwater's Grove was largely attended by the citizens here and in the adjoining towns large delegations from the societies in Cleveland and Geauga County also being present. The addresses of Mr. Fuller, of Geauga, Mrs. Combs, of Cleveland, and D. M. King, were full of plain, practical talk, and they were listened to very attentively. The singing by the Geauga Association and the instrumental music, by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, was a pleasant feature in the exercise, and added much to the occasion, and the day was spent profitably and to the enjoyment of all who attended.

The yearly meeting of the Mantua Association will be held at the same place on the 1st of August. At this time Mr. Frank Baxter will be the speaker, being held at the Mantua place.

Every person interested in spiritual progress should be present.

In my letter to you regarding Vicksburg camp meeting was announced to commence July 14th, it should have been the 14th July.

Yours truly, HENRY COBB, Secretary.

July 30, 1888.

Mount Pleasant Park.

This camp was opened for campers on July 1st. It is one of the most delightful summer resorts in the West—cool and shady, 15 to 20 degrees cooler in the day than in the city of Clinton. There are a goodly number on the grounds who will stay all summer; among them are: Mrs. Spencer, of Waukegan, Ill.; Mrs. Snelson, of Peoria, Ill.; Miss Rich, of Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. Shubert, of Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Munson and family, and Dr. Dobson and family, of Maquoketa, Iowa. Dr. Randall's son is here and will commence building a large two-story frame cottage on Grand avenue, near the foot of the hill, to be ready in a few days. Dr. Adams, of Davenport, Iowa, Mrs. B. Odgett, sister and husband will be here in a few days. There are many more, whose names I have not learned, but as they are all here, it is fair to say that it is the grandest and largest that has ever been held in the West. We have several good speakers, and the grove is a beautiful and highly scenic place. We are having a splendid time, and it seems so strange that this life is so short to lose any of its pleasures. The 14th we expect to have a large crowd that will remain until the 26th of August. Come, friends, come!

July 5, 1888.

A CAMPER.

Parkland, Pa.

There were 2,500 people at this camp on Sunday, July 8, and excellent services. Miss Jennie B. Hagan spoke in the morning and afternoon meetings, upon subjects suggested by the audience, and, as usual, she gave complete satisfaction to the inquiring crowds. The subjects related to Spiritualism in its moral and progressive aspects, and the social laws it imparts to the people who would lead pure lives, and they were ably and eloquently handled. Mrs. Brown gave a great number of interesting tests, which were recognized, and the occasion was made harmonious by good music, that by the Langhorne Brass Band being worthy of special mention. This band gave a fine concert on the lawn near the railway station.

The natural advantages of Parkland are many and important. The Nesamunty river passes through it, affording excellent sport to fishing and boating parties, while its groves and dells and shady avenues suggest pleasant walks and drives innumerable. Many new cottages have been built since last summer, and there is an air of progress about the place which presages its eminent success in the near future. It is scarcely possible to find a pleasanter summer resort or more congenial society than at Parkland, and a great many people are learning to appreciate these important considerations.

Miss Hagan leaves us on Thursday, 12th, for Harwich, Mass., where she speaks for the Cape Cod Camp Meeting. There is universal regret at her short stay here, for she is one of the favorite speakers for this association, and previous engagements take her to other fields. She will be succeeded by Dr. H. P. Fairchild on the 14th inst., and Frank Baxton on the 22d. Many famous mediums are with us, and the time is pleasantly and profitably employed. More anon.

VAL.

Testimonial.

I sent to B. F. Poole, Clairvoyant Optician, Clinton, Iowa, for a pair of Melted Spectacles. Was greatly pleased to find that I could read the finest type with them.

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Lyceums for the education of our children are the hope of Spiritualism, and should be the pride of Spiritualists. Communications for this Department should be addressed to ALONZO DAVENPORT, No. 2 Fountain Square, Roxbury, Mass.

The Principles of the Government of America.

What did that eminent philosopher and statesman, Thomas Jefferson, mean when he declared that all men were born free and equal?

It meant a right that cannot be taken away by laws or governments—the right to seek mental and physical well-being; independence of conscience, freedom of soul, to pursue happiness and earthly success through all lawful means possible to man.

What did it mean to the religious world?

Freedom of thought. What is the result of that declaration? That no man can sit in the high seat at Washington, or occupy official place in America except through the will of the people.

What have we enjoyed for an hundred years?

The inestimable right of self-government in all matters of civil import, but in matters of religion many subject to autocratic power.

What is America in her political life? Enlightened and progressive, and this is the natural drift of American thought.

What is the greatest enemy to our institutions?

The so-called religious elements which would restrain liberty of thought, speech and conscience, and bend these attributes of man to its own purposes.

What is the great religious organization of the centuries?

The Roman Catholic church, and it was the supreme power in Christendom for hundreds of years before any other form of church government was thought of.

What was the spirit which dictated the government of the church?

The imperial will of its council and its pope.

What have we shown in our own republic?

That Americans were great enough and free enough to develop a pure democracy—to find the source of government in themselves—and they adopted a "Godless" constitution, and in their establishment upon this foundation they accepted the greatest and grandest thought of the age.

Has not the man with the power to make civil laws also the right to indicate who shall rule him in matters of religion?

Most certainly; yet the Catholic church has outlawed spiritually the man who proposes to think for himself; for the pope to say he is the chosen representative of God on earth is as foolish and superstitious as if the President of this free republic should say he was the vicegerent of God on earth.

What resulted from the Reformation?

It emphasized human demands for liberty and caused the idea to find a lodgment in men's minds that they had a right to think; every man is endowed with the inalienable right to think his thought, believe his own belief, and pursue happiness in all lawful ways.

Who is the wisest man?

One who can reveal power and exercise it; who can tell you something you do not know; who can make you do wiser and better; he is where thought, not man, is king, and thought reigns wherever the wisest man is; the power of man is in wisdom, the happiness of man is in wisdom, and all power, happiness and wisdom—so-called—are as naught without that wisdom which comes from an intelligence superior to all human conception or comprehension.

What does a true democracy require?

That all gigantic monopolies shall be broken up, that every citizen shall be well educated, that we shall have no miserable poverty and no pauperism, but a commonwealth of manly, independent citizens who understand their rights and duties.

When will America be a true republic?

When we have industrial education for all, and that will be the rock on which the temple of liberty can stand forever.

What should be engrafted in this temple?

Women's rights and tollers' rights. What would be a step toward the freedom of conscience?

That all members of the human family would listen to the testimony of their honest fellow citizens, ready to learn about the advent of the angel world and ready to engage in the honest pursuit of truth to reach a nobler religion than that of the past.

What is also the mission of America? To establish scientific freedom, that the aspiring scholar, the honest investigator, the soul tending upward toward a nobler life and a further development of truth shall not live in a mental despotism atmosphere which, if it has no power to burn or destroy, still can disgrace and starve.

What has the spirit of despotism caused?

Thousands of people to put on the livery of heaven, or of some popular

church, without the least faith, until the church is honey-combed with hypocrisy.

What is the duty of all Spiritualists? To work for the overthrow of the power of medical legislation, and for the support and establishment of medical colleges organized in behalf of freedom and in sympathy with the powers that rule in heaven.

What is the leading element of every national civilization?

The religion which lays the foundation of social order and dominates in literature as well as life, and if you change the religion you change the national destiny.

What will be accomplished by Spiritualism and be dissolved in the light of science?

The whole fabric of ecclesiastic power which has been surrounded by cannon and glittered with bayonets; the day of military devastation is coming to an end, and in the future science will take the place of the sword, leaving man everywhere in free relationship to heaven and his own conscience.

What has been and is now the sole foundation of the orthodox church?

The traditions of the past, preserved in what are called the Scriptures, books written by no one knows certain, by whom, when or where, describing events located in the dimmest twilight of history.

How shall we conclude this lesson?

That in the coming day, in the archives of the past, will rest those gorgeous baubles, the crowns of the god-anointed kings, that ruled and ruined the world by divine right, and the rusting sword then sheathed forever in peace, that once flashed in all lands and carved the sensitive bodies of millions of men; and on that same shelf will rest the keys of the dungeons that once held the suffering and dying soldiers of liberty, martyrs of religion and martyrs of philosophy; for there will be neither dungeon nor gibbet, nor crown, nor king, nor fort, nor a standing army, in an emancipated world. So let us not weary in well doing, but keep on showing to all humanity the holy brilliancy of our light from the spirit spheres which is destined to establish the brotherhood of man on earth.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

The history of the past is a record of the persistent efforts of the common people to secure human legislation and political economical equity.

No statesman has yet arisen in legislative halls to point out the way in which the inequalities existing under monarchical forms of government can be prevented from prevailing under free institutions.

The thinking poor of the world have listened with sadness to the story of our political corruption.

It is proclaimed and believed that the power of money controls our elections.

Honest men of political parties have been promoted to positions of trust, but as a rule they have been powerless to stem the tide of wrong and corruption.

Too often has legislation for special interests crowded out legislation for the common welfare.

Too often has the petition of the so-called taxpayer taken precedence over the petition of the real taxpayer, for the class that consumes most is the class that is taxed most.

Governments are never safe in the hands of those whose self-interests are greater than their public interests.

The senate chamber is but the counting room of the corporations and syndicate of the land.

The house of representatives is the plaything of politicians.

City governments, tools of the designing and unscrupulous.

Almanacs.

The history of written almanacs has not been traced further back than the second century of the Christian era. All that is known is, that the Greeks of Alexandria, in or soon after the time of Ptolemy (100-150 A.D.) constructed almanacs.

Lalande, an astiduous inquirer after early astronomical works, has stated that the most ancient almanacs of which he could find any express mention, were those of Solomon, Jarbas, published about 1150. Petrus de Dacia, about the year 1300, published an almanac, of which there is a manuscript copy in the Savilian Library, at Oxford. In this almanac the influences of the planets are curiously stated. The *homo signorum* (man of the signs), so common in later almanacs, is conjectured to have had its origin from Peter de Dacia. An almanac for 1386 was printed as a literary curiosity in 1812. It is a small 8vo.

Almanacs in manuscript of the fifteenth century are not uncommon. In the library at Lambeth Palace there is one dated 1460, at which of which is a table of eclipses from 1460 to 1481.

There is a very beautiful calendar in the library at the University of Cambridge, with the date 1462. The first almanac printed in Europe was probably the *Kalendarium Novem*, by Regiomontanus, calculated for the three years 1475, 1476, 1477. It was published at Buda, Hungary. Though it simply contained the eclipses and the places of the planets for the respective years, it was sold, it was said, for ten crowns of gold, and the whole impression was soon disposed of in Hungary, Germany, Italy, France and England.

The first almanac known to have been printed in England was the *Shepherd's Calendar*, translated from the French, and printed by Richard Pynson 1497. It contains a large quantity of extraneous matter, and each month introduces itself with a description in verse.

In France, a decree of Henry III, in 1567, forbade all makers of almanacs to prophesy directly or indirectly, concerning affairs either of the state or of individuals.

Lean not on one mind constantly. Lest where one stood before, two fall; Something hath God to say to thee Worth hearing from the lips of all.

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Other Tales & Sketches

BY A BAND OF SPIRIT INTELLIGENCES,

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

And Love shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and the faces of the weeping shall be radiant in the light of Eternal Dawn; the weary-hearted shall find rest; and the heavily-laden shall drop their burden; for the Lord of the Earth overflows with boundless mercies for all who enter therein.

This new volume consists of two parts: the first containing a series of articles by Spirit "Benefactors," entitled "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint," on subjects of deep importance, which all thinking minds would do well to read and reflect upon. Also, the personal history of a spirit, entitled "Outside the Gates," in which the narrator graphically depicts her progress in spirit-life from a state of unhappiness outside the heavenly gates to one of peace in the "Sunrise Land"—developing on the way stories of individual lives and experiences as well as descriptions of the conditions and abodes of the spirit-world. This portion of the volume concludes with a personal narrative of "What I found in Spirit-Life"—by Spirit Susie—a pure and simple relation of the life pursued by a gentle soul in her home beyond the vale.

Part second of this interesting book opens with "Morna's Story," in five installments—an autobiographical narrative. This remarkable history has never before appeared in print. It treats of life, states of government, schools, art, and "Slippery Places," which "Morna" has given to the world through the columns of the *Banner of Light*; and the book concludes with a new story of sixteen chapters, which that illustrious spirit presents to the public for the first time, entitled "The Blind Clairvoyant, or, A Tale of Two Worlds." Those who have read the serials emanating from the mind of "Morna" through the pen of Miss Shelhamer, need not be told of what a treat they have in store in the perusal of this production.

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Written for The Better Way.

From Spirit-Life.

All advancements are made by the aid of mental capacity spiritualized, that is, freed from the limitation that material conditions impose. A Washington could never have led to a successful issue the army that gave birth to freedom from kingly rule, the United States of America, had he not been sustained by minds familiar with the power that lies concealed in what is known in spirit life as mental electricity and spiritual magnetism, when united in harmony with truth's immutable law, thus forming a chain by which mental capacity spiritualized can direct the thought and action of mental forces and moral accountability, on the material plane of life and activity. Neither could a Franklin, a Morse, or an Edison have harnessed electricity and so far controlled its action, as history has already recorded. And the same may be said of all useful inventions, discoveries, or teachings. Mental power spiritualized, sustains, directs, and in a greater or less degree controls their presentation to or before the world.

Every advancement in science, art, politics and religion, owes its progressive development to this spiritualization of the mental capacity, acting in harmony with its knowledge of the subtle elements that originally created or evolved their substance, because never-ending possibilities.

Even Madam Roland, Francis Wright, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Lucretia Mott, and others, owed to this their power to combat error that existed in established usages, customs and laws in reference to woman's work and mission. And Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary A. Livermore and many others are also guided and directed by this "power behind the throne," whether they are conscious of it or not. Even the erratic Victoria C. Woodhull was a chosen evangel of truth as regards woman's right to rule in love's domain. But being unbalanced in her brain development, she took extreme positions; so extreme that she destroyed more than she built up, but still did a much needed work in reference to the discussion of questions that before her advent had been tabooed by the refined and cultured—so-called. But the truly refined and cultured see nothing at which to blush in reference to the discussion of questions that pertain to the perfection of the human race.

And there is another erratic character who by many has been considered "insane" that in the near future will astonish the world with the capacity he will display in unfolding truth in many important directions. The man referred to is none other than George Francis Train, as deaf and dumb as he now is to all who approach him, save children. There is a purpose in this that even himself as yet does not comprehend the significance of, only in some small degree.

Thus all life in the material is subjective to life in the spiritual. Were it not so there could be no progress or development. And true religion has had its chosen evangelists in the past, also in the present. Those that are actively employed are found among the Materialists and Positivists as well as the Spiritualists.

Some of them are: Robert G. Ingersoll, T. B. Wakeman, and W. F. Jamieson. And in the spiritual ranks all who accept truth wherever they find it elucidated, whether in the Banner of Light, Mind and Matter, Boston Investigator, The Truth Seeker, or any other paper or book, pamphlet, tract or leaflet; the true Spiritualist makes his or her obeisance to its claims, never stopping to ask where the diamond was found, so that they recognize its brilliancy as being born of natural conditions and relations, and neither spurious as to embodiment nor false as to its sparkle, as many jewels are that pass in a crowd for genuine diamonds. And as it requires skill, to detect the spurious in religion as well as in jewelry, we'll now define the true.

"No man's or woman's religion can be wrong whose life is right," or in other words, true to nature.

The Golden Rule actualized will work no ill to any mortal. Therefore all who aim to do by others as they would wish to have others do by them under similar surrounding conditions and relations, will find their heaven or happiness in doing good and only good to their fellows. For when one's life-work is in harmony with this standard of right, evil will be a thing to be abhorred. For no man, woman, or child desires others to treat them unkindly, selfishly or cruelly. And when all are able to not only recognize this fact but live it out daily and nightly, then will the true religion have made a "heaven on earth" possible, and not before.

To our Christian friends we would say, when you come to recognize the truth of what is recorded in the Book you hold so sacred, not only in reference to The Golden Rule, but also in reference to "loving one another," you will not have to wait until you pass out of the form to find all the heaven there is in any sphere of life, viz: the satisfaction derived from not only being happy yourselves but in seeing others equally so.

"But," says one, "I do not want to go to be in a heaven where Bob Ingersoll, T. B. Wakeman, or A. J. Davis are to be!"

Very well, no one will compel you to be there. On the other hand, that very

condition of mind indicates that you are not yet rid of love of self, therefore do not love God, truth or Infinite Law. "With all your heart, mind, might and strength," or "your neighbor as yourself," commandments, the good Book says, "on which hang all the law and the prophets." "But," says the Christian bigot, "I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and him crucified."

What has your belief to do with Immutability? The little child believes that the lighted candle would be a nice thing to play with until by experience it finds out the contrary; the pain it suffers from having violated the law pertaining to fire, when it comes in contact with the human organism, being very teachable to even the infantile mind. And this belief of yours will profit you nothing if you violate truth's immutable law of Love, in trying to carry it out; but on the other hand will make you "suffer the torments of the damned" for having piled up the agony on the backs of those as deserving of heaven as yourself, to say the least.

Did not the one you profess to worship as "the Savior" enjoin it on you to "love your enemies," etc. Truth lovers and truth lovers should have no enemies, and will not when the law of love takes the place of the hatred and selfishness that seem to possess your soul towards those who honestly differ from you in reference to the future life.

Life in the present is all that should command our attention. Each day's duty well performed will make all days bright and beautiful.

"But," says the canting hypocrite, "I do not propose to ask any mortal or spirit what is my duty."

Well, be it so. But if you do not walk in the "straight and narrow path of principles" you'll have no one to blame but yourself if you find disease, early decay and death in every step you tread along the broad road that leads to damnation if not destruction. If knowing the right you the wrong pursue, violated law will visit you sooner or later with its pains and penalties, and you can no more escape them than you can stop the approaching avalanche by putting out your hand.

To my many friends in material life, I would say, I've found a brain that I can use to bring you truth pertaining to life in the land I now inhabit, just as I used to bring you the truth in reference to the countries I visited while yet a resident of material life. But as this communication is already quite lengthy, I will only say to you in this connection, beloved friends and truth-seekers, this world is just as real and tangible to my spiritual senses as the one I so recently left was to my material or mortal one. And when conditions are made right for me to do so, I shall not only materialize in the presence of some of you, but speak to you concerning many things that you need to know as soon as possible, to be able to cope successfully with "error's minions" in both Church and State.

I will now retire by saying that truth may bless each and every one of you, is the sincere wish and hope of your loving friend, D. M. BENNETT.

Given inspirationally through the brain impressibility of Mrs. Julia C. Franklin, Big Creek, N. Y.

*This communication was originally written out some years since.—The Medium.

From Across the Moor at Onset Mass.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I am told that if orthodoxy were banished from the city of Boston, it would not be safe for a man to walk the streets after dark. Is man then a brute a fiend, controlled only by fear or force? Is there nothing divine in his nature to which we can appeal? Are the higher instincts, the god-given principle of no importance? Must he be kept in ignorance in order to be kept under subjection and made amenable to the laws of the land?

Not by any means. Man in his primitive state was a savage, only a little superior to the brute, but by evolution he has progressed until we find him today developed to his present state of perfection. This has required many thousands of years it is true, but if we judge of the future by the past, then to what a state of perfection may he not attain, but it cannot be done by withholding from him knowledge. His eyes must be opened, his understanding enlarged and he must be guided by the teachings of wisdom, and unless he opens and reads from the great book of nature's laws, he must remain ignorant of the higher and nobler destiny of man.

We want light, more light. We live in a progressive age as free, moral beings, with a capacity to think for ourselves and we are given that capacity for a purpose, that purpose is to make the best use of it we can. Why, then, shall we ignore it and be guided and driven like beasts, with no power to exercise the right to say, "Whence came I, or whither am I tending?"

Are we to hide our light under a bushel or bury our talents, through fear that some despotic may call us infidels? Our happiness in spirit life does not depend upon our faith or our creed. Our birth into spirit life will not be through our own merits, but through the natural laws of God.

Then let your light so shine, that other men, seeing the evidence of your good works may be persuaded to go and do likewise, then will man not need to be governed by brute force and it will not be necessary for an honest man to take precautionary measures if by chance he may be obliged to walk the streets of Boston after dark.

For health and the beauty of its scenery, bathing, boating, fishing, etc., Onset cannot be surpassed. It embraces a territory of over two hundred acres with four hundred cottages, seven hotels, school, post office (which has recently been made a money order office) temple for lectures and amusements, with several stores, markets, bakery, drug-store, etc.

Those visiting the grove should buy their tickets to Onset proper and patronize the steam cars to the grounds, as by so doing they are helping to maintain the Camp meetings, the railroad being owned in part by the association. Cars are now running to Shell Point.

Yours for Truth and Advancement
GUSTIE F. HOWE.

ONSET, July 2, 1888.

How I was Led to Investigate.

"Do you really believe there is anything in Spiritualism?" I asked of a gentleman named Jenkins, one day.

"Well," he replied, "I have been a strong opponent of it in days gone by, but I have been convinced against my will, and I'll hold to it until the end."

"Strong words, my friend," replied I, "but how came you take up with such a craze and speak so confidently with regard to it?"

"You may call it a craze—call it what you like—but I'll warrant you don't know anything about it. You are like a great many more who are only too ready to condemn anything fresh. I'm surprised at you," and he spoke warmly. "What do you know about Spiritualism, now," he added.

"Well, I believe it's a delusion, and some of the best men of the day have denounced it."

"You believe it's a delusion? Do you know it to be such by an unprejudiced investigation?"

"I don't," said I, "and I am not prepared to waste any time over any investigation."

"I am sorry," he replied; "I thought you reasoned from facts, but you have just confessed that you reason from ignorance. You are not alone, I am sorry to say, for you are but the echo of many others I have spoken with upon the subject."

We parted and I soon forgot the conversation. About three months after I had occasion to visit another part of New Zealand on business, and I spent an evening with a few friends by invitation. In the course of conversation I noticed that three or four gentlemen and two ladies were Spiritualists, and I was surprised to find that these intelligent persons were so taken up with it. I put on a good front and began to "chaff" them all around on the absurdity of such a belief, though I confess I got "peppery" in return and felt that I had got into a bit of fix—for I knew nothing of the phenomena they spoke of.

Some of the guests went home at 9:30 o'clock, and afterwards, while sitting round the table to take some refreshments, one of the ladies asked me why I opposed the truth of spirit return, and if I was open to conviction upon good proof being given? In the hands of this lady I could not use the usual banter, and I said I never had an opportunity of seeing anything connected with Spiritualism.

Turning to the other lady, my fair antagonist asked if she would mind spending half an hour in trying to give me a proof. This was consented to, and four persons and myself sat round. When I saw one of these ladies give a peculiar twitch and close her eyes, I smiled and wondered what humbug was on the board. But I felt concerned when this same lady fell back in her chair apparently lifeless.

"What's the matter?" I asked with some concern.

"Nothing," said the gentleman at my side; "she is passing into the trance state."

Soon it appeared as if she was trying to speak and could not. Then with difficulty she gasped out:

"I want to speak—oh, I want to speak to you."

We waited a few minutes and they told me it was a spirit trying to control the lady (medium they called her) to speak.

Suddenly speech seemed to come to the medium and she stretched forth her hands towards me, her eyes being closed and said:

"John, why do you doubt that I come to you? You are not like you used to be and we are sorry for you. I am your sister Jessie."

"What is this?" thought I. "Jessie is dead and gone seven years, and now they want me to believe that she is here. But," I reflected, "how does the medium know my christian name or that I have a sister dead named Jessie?"

Turning to the gentleman at my right hand, I said:

"May I ask questions?"

"Certainly," he replied; "that is what the spirit would be glad of for she knows you."

I inquired: "You say I am not like I used to be. What do you mean by this?"

Then came this reply: "Ever since mother died you have given up Christianity. She is here with me and would speak but cannot. She is anxious about Alfred."

I was nonplussed, but I recovered myself and said:

"What about Alfred?"

"He is in difficulties and will not speak of it; he is bringing grief upon his wife and family. We cannot tell you more here."

Now, I doubted the truth of these remarks and said so. I said:

"Alfred is getting along all right, and I don't understand you."

"Then you will learn soon, and you could help him," was the reply.

Another spirit was supposed then to address us, and certainly the voice of the medium and the style of the language was nothing like hers while in the normal state. I was struck with the peculiar phenomena and admitted it, but though I could not account for the medium knowing my sister Jessie, I thought the remarks concerning my brother Alfred remarkable.

We broke up and in a few days the evening's seance passed from my mind.

A fortnight after my brother came to do some business in the town where I was living, and during his first evening's stay I noticed that he was somewhat changed, and instantly the words came "You will learn soon, and you can help him." I felt a little depressed, and at last asked him if he was getting on all right in business. What followed I need not relate in detail, but I found he was on the verge of financial ruin through becoming surety for another. I immediately took up his case and financed the matter satisfactory to all parties, and I believe saved him. I told him of the seance and what had transpired and he was much impressed. The circumstance led us to hold sittings in our own house, and I am now as confirmed a Spiritualist as my friend Jenkins.—New Zealand More Light.

Pomona.

Written in memory of my beloved brother Willie who died and was buried at Pomona, California, February 28, 1887.

BY MRS. L. F. BUDDECK.

Lying afar in that distant state,
Whose seas jut in at the Golden Gate,
Where the blooming almond and orange trees,
Cast their petals to every breeze,
In the country whose sands are rich with gold,
Whose minds have yielded their wealth untold,
Is a fair little city Pomona.

Where western streams to the ocean flow,
Beyond the Sierras' crest of snow,
Where the sun's last beam is sent,
Ere he leaves America's continent,
In the land of the apricot and vine,
And the mellow succulent nectarine,
Blossom the flowers of Pomona.

Its wintry time is mild and fair,
And flowers scent the December air,
While hidden away like a nest of doves,
'Mid fields of alfalfa and orange groves,
About whose borders are vineyards spread,
And a distant mount lifts its hoary head,
Lies this fair city Pomona.

Thy name is evermore dear to me,
Sweet city so close to the restless sea,
For one went out from our household band,
And wandered off to thy sunset land,
Seeking to find in thy summer, calm,
And thy ocean breeze a healing balm,
Fair western city, Pomona.

A much beloved one, but never more
Did he return from thy sea-washed shore,
But found a land of supernatural bloom,
A happier country beyond the tomb,
But dear to our hearts in the distant west,
Whose shore by the ocean tides is pressed,
Is his resting place, Pomona.

Spiritualism and the Dogma of Eternal Punishment.

Spiritualism's ground principle is not only the possibility of spirit communications but that it has existed in all times and among all nations. Church dogma which teach mankind that the smallest part of the people of this earth after death go to heaven and the majority to hell, is false. All spirits who have spoken about this subject, tell us that no eternal punishment exists.

This thought agrees with the idea of an everlasting, good, loving God and some members will support the teachings of the spirits that God's punishments are only to enable the erring to correct their faults. According to the English Doctor Huxley's History of the church the population of the earth is 1,274,000,000; Heathens, 793,000,000; Mohammedans, 120,000,000; Hebrews, 8,000,000 which makes 921,000,000 condemned souls according to the teachings of the Protestant church.

Let us consider them lost, then there remains 353,000,000 who call themselves Christians, say about one-third of the condemned. But orthodoxy demands that from these numbers we must subtract 182,422,000 Roman Catholics and 74,620,000 orthodox Greeks which reduces the number of souls that would be saved to 95,000,000; still we must subtract from this number 183,000,000 Unitarians; 100,000,000 Mormons; 12,000 Disciples of Swedenborg; 650,000 Universalists; which reduces the protestants to 94,055,000.

But under this name is included Lutherans, Calvinists, Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Methodists, Quakers, Herubut and some smaller sects. By all (few persons excepted) they insist it is not possible to be saved outside of their church. If it was possible to determine the number of those that really follow the Christian religion we should find that the millions would be reduced to a few thousands.

Calculations from the standpoint of the Roman Catholics will give the same results. No commentaries over these facts will make a thinker accept ideas that prove God's plan of creation a failure. When the spirit's teach us that neither Devil or Hell exists it is wise to put aside this doctrine which has founded the people and oppressed mankind. This article is found in the Norwegian spiritual paper of Christiana for May 1888 which has been taken from the French Revue Spirite. Translated for THE BETTER WAY by

CINCINNATI, O. C. G. HELLEBERG.

From a Grateful Patient.

DR. A. B. DOBSON, Maquoketa, Iowa:

You, without doubt, think me either dead or else without gratitude, or true appreciation of what you have done for me. You, no doubt, remember me as the man given up to die with a combination of diseases from head to foot, who wrote you from Miltonville, Kansas, while you were in Florida, last winter.

Well, I had been suffering with kidney, bladder, lung, head and skin diseases, for nearly six months, and was almost a walking skeleton when I applied to you for help. As the M. D.'s, with their accursed drugs, had failed to do anything, except to make me worse, I had given up all hope of recovery. When I received your diagnosis (which was very correct) and the box of remedies, I obeyed implicitly your instructions and began to feel improved within forty-eight hours, and by the time my month's treatment was through all my diseases had vanished. Still I should have taken it longer, for I was quite weak. Do you think I had better send for another month's treatment? I expect to be at the Clinton camp-meeting next summer, and will see you there. I hope you will be enabled to keep your health good for many years, for such a healer as you are is truly a blessing to humanity. I am most truly thine,

D. C. SEYMOUR.

LIBERAL, Mo.

Souls spiritually united, self-conscious of the inspiring truth that they blend in that universal coalescence of the divine elements in which the Infinite reposes, and all things have their perfect justification, have no need of railroads and steamboats as body carriers, no need of telegraph lines as message bearers.—World's Advance Thought.

Cleanse Our Ranks.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Your article on "Moral Leprosy" gives me cause to hope that Spiritualism will gain release from the slimy coils of the serpent that threatens its destruction. Not that its ranks will be clear of disreputable persons, for unlike the church it has no discipline and consequently no means of expulsion, and there will always be phenomenal followers that will be a disgrace to themselves and a standing reproach to humanity. Such conditions must exist until humanity becomes more spiritual, and it should be the aim of all true Spiritualists to raise Spiritualism to its highest standard, which can never be done so long as aid and protection are given to the licentious and dishonest. Our spiritual papers are the great teachers of Spiritualism and the platform their allies, therefore it behooves them to advertise no laborer for the vineyard whom they know or have reason to think is unclean.

To be vouched for by strangers is not enough to insure editors against all mistakes, for it is not to be supposed they can be acquainted with the character of all vouchers, and no medium is vile enough to have "none to do him reverence"; that would be to suppose all the bad were mediums which even the worst enemy of Spiritualism would not claim or admit.

Committees seeking platform speakers have to rely almost wholly on advertised lists, and it would be gratifying to them to have some reasonable assurance that the instrument chosen would not pollute their moral atmosphere or retard the progress of the cause for which they labor. Any one on an advertised list, whether vouched for to the publisher or not, is supposed to be worthy of public notice, and if proved otherwise should be not only struck from the list, but publicly denounced if the offense is of a grave character and no discrimination made on account of sex. It will not do to ignore moral delinquencies as the church does, through fear of "bringing reproach upon the cause," etc., the reproach comes of sustaining the unworthy in their unworthiness.

Let Spiritualists sustain each other in the right and only in the right, not in a partisan spirit; then can we hope to cleanse it from some of the taint that now adheres to it.

R. A. BLODGETT.

Letter From One of Our Pioneers.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I hailed with pleasure the establishing of THE BETTER WAY among us. There was great need in this community of just such an organ. To voice the spiritual philosophy, to record and give to the public the passing events and continuously new phases of the manifestations occurring among the very numerous seekers and advocates of the new philosophy. Also some means for the various mediums to advertise their residences, etc. I see you have established a column for that purpose.

THE BETTER WAY increases weekly in interest, and I hope, nay, believe, that its influence will be recognized, and felt to be a necessity to the advancement of the cause not only in this immediate locality but through the west generally. There can be found none but a small band of the pioneer Spiritualists in Cincinnati. By far the greater part of those early investigators have made the exchange of spheres. The phenomena of to-day far surpasses the most sanguine expectation of those earnest and self-sacrificing beginners. But the beautiful and grand truths they received have guided often their weary feet and cheered the drooping spirits in battling with the multiplying cares and fast rushing events of passing years. And glad are we to welcome the noble workers in the cause, and hope that all seekers after right and the light may find THE BETTER WAY to guide them through this changeable life.

R. P. F.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 9, 1888.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

On the morning of June 25th I called upon the well-known slate writer and spiritual scientist for a sitting. I had procured a small closed or double slate and wished to see if I could get a message. He went into the seance room and there I unwrapped my slates, showing Mr. Peters what I had and explaining what I wanted.

He asked me to go and get some screws and screw the slates together to make the test more convincing. Being a very warm morning I would not do so, but, having some very strong string in my pocket, I concluded to wind it around the slates, which I did about five or six times, thereby making them secure. I then held one side of the slates and Mr. Peters the other in full view. A scratching noise was then heard, and then the raps came signaling the completion of the message.

I took the slates, unwound the string, and on the inside, written in a clear, bold hand, was the following message:

Kind Friend:—The spirit world will do a greater work in the next (5) years than ever done before.

A. B. WHITING.

When I went to Mr. Peters I expected and wanted to hear from my spirit guides, but my intention was to make known what I would receive. The message above is adapted for public perusal and coming from a stranger to me, makes the test very conclusive indeed. Prof. Peters is a wonderful psychic for this phase of mediumship, independent slate writing, and I will say to all skeptics who doubt the reality of spirit return, to visit Prof. Peters at his rooms, 1208 Olive street, and be convinced.

Yours, in the cause of truth,

MILTON LYLE.

Doubt.

Doubt is the restless pionier of the mind, and wings the soul to action; we are prone to hold things sacred which are least so; to sleep away our summers with the dream, To value wisdom that is dumb and blind.

But doubt makes thinkers, dreamers, soldiers, men; Look forward, never backward; shows the face Of falsehood in the untrue gods; and when, Like one too little reverenced in his time, One in his deeper sense of life sublime— It reasons light from darkness, we perceive That men may learn by doubting to believe. (George Edgar Montgomery, in the American Magazine.)

Romanism in America.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

In a late issue of your paper the controlling spirit, King Henry VIII, writes of the laying of the corner stone of the Romish University, in the city of Washington, the capitol of Free America. He advises us to have a care of the liberties of America. One who holds the highest gift given by the American people, accepted the invitation to be present. You say right, controlling spirit, when you warn him in playing with edged tools. The people of this republic; the liberty-loving people of this country; the law-abiding people beware of the machinations of the Pope of Rome, the eternal enemy of the institutions of our country and the priests and bishops who execute his will.

Our institutions are based on the principle of the right of God in the individual mind, and of the right of mind in God. We have thus the right of direct access to God without the intervention of priests of whatever name or nature. By our constitution all connection of the church with the State is abolished and a system of schools is established for the education of the young. There is now going on a widespread assault upon these schools by these tools of the Pope, the bishops and priests with determined desire to abolish them.

You people of America do you know the Pope says he has a right, think of it—a right to interfere with our management of the Common School System.

In this city of Boston we have had a controversy over the treatment of papal indulgences of the 16th century—in Swinton's history and also the illustrations used by Mr. Travis of the English high school to elucidate, the same for the benefit of his pupils.

Who cannot see by this, that the accumulations of centuries of superstition, ignorance and crime of the Catholic church is about to be perpetuated in this land of freedom.

The result of the controversy, be it said to the eternal shame of the Boston school committee that their action caused the history to be discontinued and the reprinting of the teacher who had an honorable record of twenty years in our schools. With every aspiration of my inmost nature I do now and always will, protest in the name of the people against this action of the committee.

"Put back the book, reinstate the teacher," should be the verdict at the polls of the next election, and let us stand as intelligent men for the right and dignity which are guaranteed by the absolute separation of church and State.

The Catholic church claims to be the church universal, but it is only a sect—a menace to America—a menace to all mankind. Every good Catholic in America is a subject to an Italian Pope, who is bitterly opposed to our civil liberties.

Our chief magistrate sends as a gift to this debaucher of our liberties, a copy of the American Constitution. What does he care about that, he has anathematized by papal councils time after time—he is opposed to liberty, to a broad education and culture, and to personal independence.

When the Catholics assert that they love this country and its institutions, a conviction arises that they can not be good Catholics. The nature and course of the Roman Catholic church have made it inevitable that the public should look with distrust upon avowed Roman Catholics in public office, as their theory and practice are against the public weal.

Let all who oppose this foreign interference with our institutions meet the foe face to face. We have surrendered in the past; but standing together immovable, undaunted, victory shall be ours. America shall be free.

We have an abiding faith in our public school system, unfettered by any denominational or religious restrictions, as the chief element in the perpetuation of the Republic, and we declare our eternal hostility to all measures, men, or influences who seek to destroy it.

General U. S. Grant's emphatic words, at the Reunion of "The Army of the Tennessee," at Des Moines, Iowa, in 1875, were:

"If we were to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence, on the one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance, on the other. Now, in this centennial year of our existence, I believe it a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundation of the house commenced by our patriotic fathers one hundred years ago, at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needed guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech, and free press; of pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated for their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that neither the state nor nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford every child growing up in the land, an opportunity of a good common school education, unmixt with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school, supported entirely by private contribution. Keep the church and the state forever separate."

Our schools have been attacked; let us do our duty at the polls, and never consent to have our text books altered and history falsified, in order to please the papal circus in Rome.

ALONZO DANFORTH.